

# CHINA AND ITS CAPITAL.

THE Chinese Empire has now become the focus of the world's eyes. Everybody is holding his breath to wait for developments of that gigantic sore on the earth's body. What may we expect to hear next in the way of atrocities and retaliation? Is there a peaceful solution possible without a bloody and frightful war, that one would be justified in calling a butchery? China, with its four hundred million population could easily outnumber her any armies that Europe could place in the field. Prospective thoughts on this subject are very unpleasant. We must unite in prayer and faith that a general war of the white race against the yellow race be avoided.

## PEKIN.

For nine centuries, says the London Daily Express, Peking has been an Imperial city.

In 987, under the title of Nanking, or "Southern Capital," it was made the headquarters of the invading Khitan Tartars.

A century later it was re-captured by the Chinese, who reduced it to an ordinary provincial city and rechristened it Yen-shan-fu.

In 1151 Tartar hordes, of the Kin tribe, took possession of the city, elevated it once more to the rank of a metropolis, built a royal residence within it, and called it Chuangin, or "Central Capital."

Seventy years afterwards the Kin Tartars were driven out by Jenghiz Khan, who followed the example of the Chinese in 1080, and reduced it to a mere town.

Following Jenghiz, in 1280, came the great Kubla Khan, who rebuilt the city, called it Yenking, or "Great Capital," and held his court there in great magnificence.

It remained an Imperial city under this title and under the Chinese names of Tain and Khanbalk until 1368, when a Chinese succeeded the Tartar dynasty, and the modern city of Nankin, on the Yangtseliang, became the capital.

In 1403, however, Yung Lu transferred his court to the old City of the Khans, and rechristened it Peking, or "Northern Capital," and the capital of China it has remained ever since.

The modern city consists of the "Nui Ch'ing," or inner city, and the "Wai Ch'ing," or outer city, of which the

about a million and a half, but these figures have been greatly swelled during the last few months. There are probably not less than two million people in the city at the present time, of whom the "foreigners" number a thousand all told.

North of the Imperial city is the famous Bell Tower, on whose great, deep-toned bell, cast five hundred years ago by the Emperor Yung Lo, and

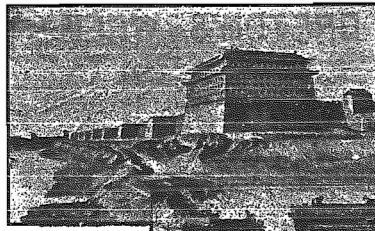
weighing 120,000 pounds,

the changes of the night watches are struck.

Hard by is the Drum Tower, in which incense sticks, prepared by the Chinese Imperial astronomers, are kept burning, and gigantic water-clocks kept turning to mark the passage of time.

In the Chinese City the most prominent object is the Temple of Heaven, where every year the reigning ruler offers sacrifice on an open altar of white marble, having a base two hundred and ten feet wide, and an upper surface ninety feet broad, on which are ranged nine concentric circles, on the centre one of which the Emperor stands to offer up his sacrifice.

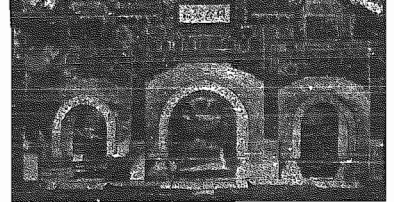
Just above and to the leftward of the Purple City is the palace where the Emperor Kwang Hsu has been held prisoner by the Empress dowager since the coup d'état of 1898. When, on June 19 last, offered by the usurper, Prince Tuan, his cousin, the choice between prison or the sword, he is believed to



South-East Tower of the Wall of Peking.



Grand Entrance to the Imperial Palace, Peking.



and no one dreamed of any danger. Five lady missionaries lived in one house on the hills beyond the city during the summer heat, and close to them lived Mr. Stewart, the missionary, in charge, his wife and five children.

August 1st was the birthday of one of the children, so early in the morning three of his brothers and sisters got up

Why were they murdered? A proclamation had been issued among the people as follows:

"Notice is hereby given that at the present time 'foreign barbarians' are hiring evil characters to kidnap small children, that they may extract oil from them for use. I have a female servant, named Li, who has personally seen this done. I exhort you, good people, not to allow your children to go out. I hope you will act in accordance with this."

And the mob did act on it.

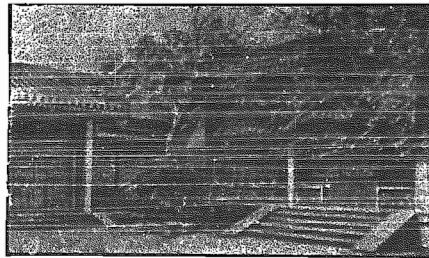
## The Tien Tsin Massacre of 1870.

On June 21, 1870, came the infamous Tien Tsin massacre. The French Catholic missionaries and Sisters of Mercy had established a mission in Tien Tsin, and one of their agencies was an orphan's home. A report got about among the natives that the Sisters were killing the children to use their hearts and eyes in the manufacture of some medical specific much sought after in Europe.

Everyone saw that a storm was coming, and the French Consul was urged to take such steps as would show the slanders to be false. But the Consul thought such a request was a slur on his dignity, and refused to listen to it. The Consul paid for his dignity with his life. No one fully knows what happened, for every European on the spot was done to death. The defenceless Sisters were butchered after nameless barbarities, and the French cathedral and orphanage were set on fire. Twenty foreigners, including a Russian and his young bride, who were mistaken for French, were slain.

For a moment it seemed that a general uprising, such as that of the present hour, must follow. But in the end the Chinese authorities subdued the uprising, and executed a score of rioters. It was believed that the men executed were purchased victims, and that the real criminals escaped.

Few men have nothing to tell us, would they but speak what they know, and speak it according to the measure of their powers.



ENTRANCE TO THE GERMAN LEGATION, PEKIN.

and went out on the hills to gather flowers. Hearing horns and drums, they went to look at the procession. One Chinaman seized the eldest girl by the hair and bent her. She tore herself from him and made for home, to find the house occupied by the mob. She caught a glimpse of her father making for her mother's room, and then no more was seen of either of them. Seeing the house burning, she got her little brothers and sisters and dragged them off. The baby she pulled from under the body of its dead nurse. Her two brothers and her little sister were all wounded.

An American missionary, hearing the riot, rushed up to help, but he was too late. In the brief time nine had been murdered, and two of the children soon died. The story of the death of these brave girls, one of whom, Miss Marshall, was the daughter of a Blackheath vicar, went with a thrill of horror through the land.



THE NATIVE CITY OF TIEN TSIN.

former is more generally known as the Tartar City.

The City Walls are Thirty Miles in Circumference,

vary from 30 to 50 feet in height, and from 15 to 40 feet in breadth at the top, and enclose an area of 25 square miles.

The Imperial City, or "Hwang Ch'ing" is enclosed within the walls of the Tartar City and within this again is the Purple Forbidden City, in which stands the Imperial palace.

Entrance to Peking is gained by means of sixteen gates, each of which is surrounded by a galleried tower, so constructed as to enable the city guards within it to direct their fire upon any point.

The Foreign Legations, where one of the most appalling tragedies since that of Cawnpore is now being played out—perhaps is already concluded—are situated in the right hand lower half of the Tartar City, the British Legation being immediately to the right of the great centre gate, leading from the Chinese through the Tartar to the Imperial City.

The normal population of Peking is

have committed compulsory suicide by opium poisoning.

Both the Chinese and the Tartar Cities are incessantly dirty, full of ill-smelling dust in the dry weather and almost knee-deep in mud in the rainy season, which has just begun.

The Chinese, to a man, are rabidly anti-foreign at the best of times; today they are a seething mob of fanatics crying for the blood of the "foreign devils" from every corner of the city.

## Modern Chinese History.

The pages of modern Chinese history, says a writer in the London Daily Mail, are stained with blood—the blood of helpless and defenceless men and women. Since the days when Europeans first went to the far East, but especially during the past forty years, there has been a constant succession of brutal murders—murders usually brought about solely by the passionate hatred of the yellow man for the white.

One of the most characteristic of these was the Kuchang massacre, on August 1st, 1895. The Church Missionary Society has a very successful enterprise in that city. There were many converts.

## THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## 84 Hustlers.

Capt. Gibson, London	225
Lieut. Yeomans, Brantford	150
Sergt. Yeomans, Brantford	150
Capt. Holman, Chatham	120
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	112
Capt. Brannigan, Leamington	100
Ensign Green, Windsor	91
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	88
Capt. Jurisdiction, Forest	85
S. M. Dickson, St. Thomas	84
Lieut. Kuehke, Galt	81
Capt. Effe, Sarnia	80
Capt. Williams, Galt	79
Capt. Ringler, Simcoe	78
Capt. Green, Windsor	75
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	73
Capt. Campbell, Paris	71
Sister Namelson, Berlin	70
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	70
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	65
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Howcroft, Strathroy	60
Lieut. Edwards, Strathroy	60
Ensign Wakefield, London	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	60
Lieut. Plant, Bayfield	56
Mrs. Donnelly, Palmerston	55
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	55
Sister Downs, St. Thomas	53
Sister Foster, Petrolia	50
Sister McDougall, Goderich	50
Lieut. Maisie, Hespeler	46
Lieut. Stickels, Sarnia	45
Capt. Hockin, Tilsonburg	45
Lieut. Kitchin, Tilsonburg	45
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	45
Fred Palmer, London	42
Sister Schubert, Berlin	41
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	40
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	40
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	40
Mrs. Harris, London	40
Capt. Huntington, Essex	40
Bro. Allen, Guelph	40
Treas. Mrs. Rock, Chatham	39
Sergt. Anderson, Watford	38
Lieut. Feunacy, Elenheim	36
Kather Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Lieut. Groombridge, Clinton	33
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	33
Eva Simpson, Guelph	33
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	33
Sister Baxter, Petrolia	31
Capt. Brooks, Thedford	30
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	30
Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	30
Sister Glinesmith, Dresden	30
Sister Glover, Dresden	30
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	30
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Essex	30
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	30
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	28
Sister Garrison, Petrolia	27
Mrs. Capt. Kewall, Drayton	25
Mrs. Major Cooper, Hespeler	25
Capt. Wiseman, Listowel	25
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	23
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	23
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	23
Capt. Carr, Ridgetown	22
Capt. Copeman, Petrolia	22
Bro. Ellis, Sarnia	20
Lula Butler, Wingham	20
Ensign Scott, Stratford	20
Capt. Heister, Stratford	20
Capt. Hollett, Wingham	20
Mr. Fuller, Chatham	20
Sister Ellis, Dresden	20
Father Christian, London	20
Sister Mrs. Northcott, Bothwell	20
Capt. White, Berlin	20
Corps-Cadet Boulhiser, St. Thomas	20
Sister Hocking, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Coe, Goderich	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## 81 Hustlers.

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	187
Sergt.-Major Dudley, Ottawa	150
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Pleton	125
Ensign Ottaway, Ottawa	115
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans	112
Lieut. Pittman, St. Albans	105
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	83
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Wilson, Amnrior	80
Adj. Ogilvie, Cornwall	78
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	75
Lieut. Crosier, Peterboro	68
Ensign Yerx, Brockville	66
Capt. Jones, Burlington	65
Capt. Crego, Chabourg	60
Capt. Bloss, Chabourg	60
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Sadie Merchant, St. Johnsbury	60
Capt. Yake, Deseroute	57
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	55
Adj. Ash, Oshawa	54
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	53
Capt. Burch, Newport	50
Lieut. Hicks, Newport	50

## COMpetition CHAT

## Synopsis of this Week's Record: "Much of a Muchness."

By SILAS SELLQUICK.

Ontario remains in statu quo. Arab brings up the rear. There is really but little distance between any of them, but still even a head's length counts.

-010-

Napanee has dropped 33 copies, and Peterstown has picked them up. This is a piece of news from East Ontario. My blessing on Peterstown, but where is Napanee going to? Will you please repent and come back to your old number?

-010-

Capt. Gibson, of London, leads the Territory with 225 copies this week. Ottawa has Lieut. McEwan with 187 and S. M. Dudley with 150, while Brantford comes again with the two Yeomans with 150 each. That is the kind of Yeomanry to have in the boomer's ranks. We christen them the King's Yeomanry, and may there be eternal enmity between them and the devil.

-010-

The East is again absent. What can

be said in excuse of this? Nothing! We will not hunt for an excuse, but simply state that the East is missing. The wires are not cut and railway communication is intact, but still the fact remains; the East is missing, which robs us of a great deal of joy.

-010-

Lieut. Johnson, of Nelson, is again in the list with 200, and Capt. Noble, of Spokane, with 186. Bless them both!

-010-

But the greatest joy is caused by the Newfoundland list, which has sixteen (16) names this week, and a leading light with 164 sales, Sergt. Jessie Lidstone. You are a brick, Jessie! Welcome to the third degree of the Boomer's Order.

-010-

Mrs. Major Hargrave, who has been at Butte nursing Mrs. Gale, helped with the War Cry for two weeks, we are informed. Bless her! She is made of the right material. I take off my hat, Mrs. Hargrave.



THE WAR CRY AND YOUNG SOLDIER BOOMERS OF GLACE BAY, C.B.

Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV.	50
Sergt. Heiche, Montreal IV.	50
Capt. Gutter, Belleville	50
Capt. Owen, Cootenook	50
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	50
Sister Alice Wilkie, St. Johnsbury	50
Capt. Stacey, Gannaque	50
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	47
Sister Barber, Kingston	45
Capt. Stacey, Gannaque	44
Capt. Howland, Renfrew	44
Capt. Vance, Renfrew	44
Lieut. Cook, Montreal II.	41
Sergt. Hippen, Montreal I.	40
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	40
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	40
Capt. Winford, Bloomfield	40
Capt. Green, Perth	40
Mrs. Capt. Green, Perth	40
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	40
Capt. Reid, Kendall, Kingston	40
Mrs. Weir, Millbrook	39
Sister Bundy, Burlington	35
Capt. Dawson, Montreal II.	35
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	35
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	35
Capt. Stanforth, Napanee	35
Capt. Crego, Kemptville	35
Sister McEwan, Amnrior	35
Capt. Gammindale, Snnbury	30
Allee Ovey, Sherbrooke	30
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke	30
Lieut. Lauz, Napanee	30
Capt. Slater, Bloomfield	27
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	27
Sergt.-Major Downey, Kingston	20
Sister Brown, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Williams, Montreal I.	25
Sister Lewis, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Pitcheer, Morrisburg	25
Sister Verry, Peterboro	25
Sister Barber, Burlington	25
Sergt. Jewell, Pleton	25
Capt. Valley, Brockville	24
Bro. Duquet, Trenton	23
Sister Donnelly, Millbrook	21
Sister Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	20
Sister Mrs. Crawford, Quebec	20
Sister Bossie Shepherd, Quebec	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sister Vauar, Montreal I.	20

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

## 79 Hustlers.

Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	110
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	91
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	87
Sister Bowcock, Lippincott St.	85
Capt. Hanna, Lindsay	85
Lieut. Leggett, Riverside	64
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	64
Capt. Price, Owen Sound	60
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	60
Capt. Clink, Owen Sound	58
Capt. Craig, Hamilton I.	56
Capt. Brant, Omemee	55
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	50
Capt. Barker, Meaford	50
Capt. Darrach, Meaford	50
Capt. Lott, Gravenhurst	47
Lieut. Marshall, Uxbridge	45
Capt. Bowers, Huntsville	45
Lieut. Stickels, Huntsville	45
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	41
S. M. Gills, Yorkville	42
Lieut. Bone, Ricebridge	42
Capt. White, Riverside	41
Capt. Steinkler, Riverside	41
S. M. Pearce, Temple	41
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	40
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	40
Capt. Poole, Chesley	40
Adj. DesBriany, Barrie	39

Capt. McCann, Collingwood	37
Lieut. Pattenden, Collingwood	37
Capt. Huskinson, Parry Sound	37
Lieut. Stickels, Parry Sound	37
Cadet Melanis, Temple	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	35
Capt. Nyland, Brantford	34
Bro. O. Carpenter, Orangeville	34
Bro. Dixon, Temple	32
Capt. Capper, Kinnoum	30
Slater Slater, Penelon Falls	30
Capt. Barver, Oshawa	30
Lieut. H. Greavett, Oshawa	30
Cand. J. Smith, Midland	30
Sergt. Stevens, St. Catharines	30
Capt. Connors, Dundas	30
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	30
Capt. McDonald, Temple	27
Emily Howell, Riverside	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Lieut. Liddard, Aurora	27
Sister Matheson, Lippincott St.	25
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	25
Treas. R. Evelyn, Oshawa	25
Lieut. Marshall, Newmarket	25
Sister Bowerman, Newmarket	25
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.	25
Mr. Brown, Hamilton I.	25
S. M. Boyce, Bracebridge	24
Lieut. Cardwardine, Bowmanville	24
P. S. M. Courtmanche, Kinnoum	22
Sister Grafton, Temple	21
Sergt. Mrs. Bradley, Temple	21
Sister Boulton, Temple	20
Sister Bormau, Temple	20
Sister Mrs. Ball, Dovercourt	20
Sister Mrs. Jullian, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Cornish, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott St.	20
Lieut. Bushey, Richmond St.	20
Sergt. Moore, Yorkville	20
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	20
Capt. Trickey, Orangeville	20
Lieut. Lamb, Hamilton II.	20
Mrs. Currie, Hamilton II.	20
Capt. S. Dales, Midland	20
Capt. M. Howcroft, Penelon Falls	20
Bro. Small, St. Catharines	20

## EAST vs. WEST.

## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

## 33 Hustlers.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	150
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	105
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	50
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	41
Lieut. Cusiter, Jamestown	40
Ensign Hayes, Brandon	51
Lieut. Lawford, Brandon	51
Adj. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	50
Ensign Benn, Grand Forks	50
Lieut. Quist, Portage la Prairie	50
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	48
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	48
Sergt. M. O'Neill, Winnipeg	45
Father Harvey, Valley City	42
Capt. Livingston, Grand Forks	41
Capt. Harrover, Fort William	41
Capt. Blodgett, Prince Rupert	41
Mrs. Gillam, Carberry	40
Capt. Cromarty, Relkirk	40
Lieut. E. Cusiter, Regina	39
Capt. Myers, Devil's Lake	37
Capt. McKay, Fort Assiniboia	37
Ensign Collier, Souris	37
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur	37
Lieut. Melny, Port William	35
Capt. Michael, Lethbridge	35
Cadet Price, Winnipeg	31
Sister Mrs. Frier, Minto	31
Capt. Fell, Grafton	30
Lieut. Forsberg, Oakes	28
Lieut. Nuttall, Devil's Lake	28
Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	25
Lieut. Hall, Emerson	21
Capt. Mercer, Moosemau	20
Ensign Adams, Calgary	20
Lieut. Moller, Minto	20
Adj. McAmmond, Winnipeg	20
Sister Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	20

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

## 30 Hustlers.

Lieut. Johnson, Nelson	180
Capt. Noble, Spokane	150
Mrs. Ada Campbell, Great Falls	145
Lieut. Morris, Billings	120
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	115
Mrs. Capt. Hooker, New Whatcom	115
Lieut. Long, Roseland	90
Capt. Krell, Vancouver	85
Capt. Gula, Bendigo	80
Capt. Leckie, Livingston	65
Capt. Walrath, Anacoda	65
Lieut. Floyd, Anacoda	65
Capt. Scott, Helena	54
Sister Mysen, Helena	50
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	50
Bro. Moody, Vancouver	50
Lieut. Boyer, Kallispell	48
Capt. Southall, Missoula	48
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	48

# →\*CAPE BRETON'S WEEK.\*←

North Sydney's First Sunday—Souls in the Fountain—Crowds—Interest—Sympathy—  
Member of Parliament's Promise—A Mayor's Cordiality—Rescue  
Work to the Front.

North Sydney, Sunday, July 8th.

Began the Cape Breton campaign on Sunday afternoon. North Sydney turned out well to hear Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read. This not being Mrs. Read's first visit to North Sydney, it is needless for me to say that the friends were delighted at her coming, and consequently gave her a right royal welcome. A more intelligent audience could not be seen anywhere than that which greeted the Colonel that Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Read spoke with much power and earnestness of spirit, and after hearing her one could not but be inspired and helped on to be and do better. Christians were made stronger, and sinners made to see and feel their need of Christ.

The Y. M. C. A. Hall was kindly loaned for the night meeting by the friends. A still larger crowd assembled at night. Mrs. Read, though very worn and tired, spoke for fifty-five minutes with great force and love. "Boundless love" being the subject, conviction was stamped on many faces, and two souls found the blessing of Salvation.

Tuesday Night, Glace Bay.

What shall I say of Glace Bay? How shall I describe it? Beautiful, magnificent!

The Presbyterian Church, loaned us for the occasion, was filled. A train was chartered by Sergt.-Major McPherson to bring in people from the surrounding places. Mr. John Johnson acted as chairman. Mr. Johnson holds the responsible position of Assistant General Manager of the Dominion Coal Company's mines, and is a very warm and practical friend. Mr. Johnson said he esteemed it a great honor to preside over such an important meeting as the present one, and had great pleasure in introducing Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read to a Glace Bay audience for the first time.



MR. JOHNSON,  
Assistant Manager Glace Bay Mines.

Mrs. Read then addressed the meeting, and for about sixty-five minutes spoke with great force and eloquence. Every eye was riveted, and the closest attention paid to every word. It is needless to say that from first to last the meeting was a decided success.

The finances were splendid. Trust the Glace Bay friends to do a good thing when they have the opportunity. One thing very noticeable about our Glace Bay comrades is that there seems to be a good spirit of unity and interest.

We shall not soon forget how, at the close of the meeting, all the local officers gathered around, anxious to know how we had fared financially, and to express once more their appreciation of Mrs. Read's visit. Also, we would not forget the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, who so very kindly entertained us during our short stay at Glace Bay. They are warm friends of the Salvation Army. Too much cannot be said of their hospitality. May God bless our kind friends of Glace Bay!

North Sydney Again.

The Social Meeting at North Sydney was held in the Royal Albert Hall,

Mayor McKenzie in the chair. His Worship spoke very sympathetically of the work and in very kind words introduced Mrs. Read.

Mrs. Read again told the story of the Army's Social operations, its plans and victories, and as the result of the Lieut.-Colonel's visit many more friends have been added to the work.

Mr. Joseph Salter, Mr. Walter Smith, and Mr. Cross all made a few brief and suitable remarks before the close of the meeting.

Great credit is due Captain and Mrs. Thompson for the magnificent way in which they worked to make the campaign a success.

Sydney's Social Meeting.

Friday night, Methodist Church, our old friend, Mr. Burrell, in the chair; meeting a great success; crowds large and sympathetic; finances splendid. Mrs. Read was invited to address a meeting of the W. C. T. U., especially called for the purpose.

New Glasgow's Campaign.

Saturday night, New Glasgow. Adjt. Dowell gave Mrs. Read a very cordial welcome. Adjt. Dowell knows how to do it! After expressing her pleasure at once more visiting New Glasgow, and thanking the comrades for their kind greetings, Mrs. Read read a few verses from the word of God. Everyone was touched with the simple old story which, though so often told, never loses its newness. A beautiful spirit prevailed throughout the whole meeting, and two souls were saved.

In McNeil Hall, in the afternoon meeting, Mrs. Read spoke on the League of Mercy and prison work. Everyone was very much interested.

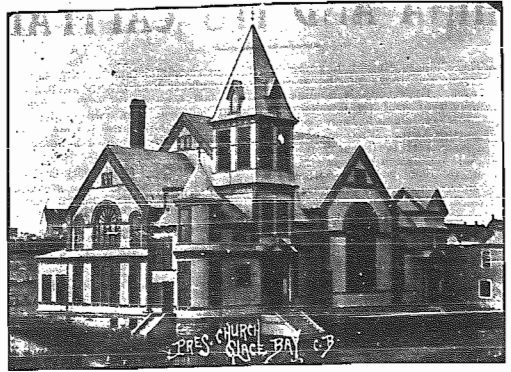
Great salvation meeting at night; hall well filled.

After the usual preliminaries, Mrs. Read rose, Bible in hand, and for a long time held the audience in almost breathless attention. Sinners were convicted of their sin, and seven souls sought and found pardon, and many went away feeling sad and depressed on account of sin.

Social Meeting, New Glasgow.

This meeting was held in McNeil Hall, and the chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Grant, who is one of the Army's old and tried friends. He said it was a source of great pleasure to him to again meet Mrs. Read, and to preside over her meeting. His sympathy had always been with the Salvation Army, and especially in their endeavors to raise fallen humanity. Mrs. Read's address on the League of Mercy was again listened to with rapt attention. Mrs. Read gave a general report of the Rescue and League of Mercy work, and brought before the minds of the people the ever-increasing need, and its causes and effects. After Mrs. Read's address the Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick spoke very sympathetically, and expressed his willingness to assist the S. A. Social work.

Everything in New Glasgow went well. Everywhere, so far, God has attended, owned, and blessed the efforts put forth in this special campaign.—H. B.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, GLACE BAY, C.B.,  
Where Mrs. Read conducted her Social Meeting.

## Faet or Fiction.

A Pen-Picture of the Indian Famine, by  
One on the Spot.

I wonder sometimes if there is a single person who, when reading descriptions of the horrors of the famine, doubts the truth of what is written or said, or fancies that to get help for the sufferers, those working for them, and amongst them exaggerate things, or seek to create sympathy by creating or dilating upon horrors.

I wish any such person could spend a week or two in going from place to place with us, seeing what we see, hearing what we hear.

Just sit quietly in this train and watch the little nude children creeping cautiously through the wires, keeping their eyes on the policeman. Poor fellows! they have orders to keep the beggars off the station, and often, when they see a kindly-disposed person giving some food, they walk off and appear not to see, and only when the food has actually been distributed do they come back and shout and scare away the offenders.

Give to those two tiny ones, they look nearly dead. Now for a scramble! twenty at least, the number steadily increasing; what cries, and shouts, and struggles!

Now pass along this quiet road—see that poor boy sitting up by the roadside?

No Will, Doubtless, Die To-Night:

Give him a piece, poor boy! What in the world are all these people running across the field for? Where do they come from? Where are they running? Why, they are running after you. From the distance they saw you give that boy something. They are watching from behind the trees and hedges in every field, and now for a mile, fifty or more men, women, and children, will run and beseech, and beg, and weep.

Start from the station to your home; see the many high-caste men who wait

to carry your bundle. No money left? Then lower your umbrella, so that the poor things cannot see you, and that you cannot see them. Ah, that old man has caught sight of you; now he prostrates himself in the dust beseeching for a morsel of food. How can one's funds hold out against so many?

Look at that elder brother with his tiny sister; he has been given a piece of bread. See him take the soft part and put it between her poor parched lips.

See that woman with

The Few Days' Old Twins

in the basket exposed to the burning sun. Can they survive more than a day or two?

See the poor old man who has come to help with cholera cases—others have died—he cares not for death, would welcome it, and he may get some scraps of food—he has had nothing for three days. See him drink the cups of sugarcane or anything the patient leaves.

See these high-caste men willing to carry away and bury cholera corpses, and that of low-caste people, because they are starving. Hear them quietly pleading in the evening twilight, so that none may see them, for a little cooked food, and that from low-caste people. Go to the villages, see the many bodies lying by the roadside, dying or dead.

See the destitute babies, the homeless girls, the destitute boys, the bereaved wives, the once strong men.

Exaggerated? Imaginary? Not so bad as represented? I tell you words cannot depict the momentary horrors that are being enacted in this famine-stricken, pestilence-blessed land.

Before I came to India I had a vague idea of what my experience would be. I thought I should live in the midst of pestilence, desert waste, lack of everything congenial. After many years of work in India, I felt my lot was a very, very easy one. It is a joy—a pleasure—I said it again and again. This last year, however, has had crowded into it more than the horrors I anticipated in those days long ago. To see

The Anguish of the People

when the rains failed—to see the little dying daily—to see the bitter, utter despair of women going back to their husbands, cattle, and villages, homeless, children dead or dying, and to be able to do so comparatively little for them—to sit and watch the crowds of hungry people sit on the ground with the greed with which any grain that falls to the ground is picked up—to see the awful fightings for a handful or two of grain, and that by men and women who have never begged before? Ah, I could go on for hours if I had time. Heart-sick? Sorry? One feels one can never be light-hearted again, or rise above the awful depression over our country's woes. One feels the awful anguish, and disappointment, and the hopelessness of thousands who, a few months ago, were comfortably off, now utterly destitute, and dying daily.

Had we not Jesus, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with the very bitterest grief, we could not bear it. Flesh and blood would fail and succumb. We know Him, and something of the power of His resurrection, and a little of the fellowship of His sufferings, and we trust Him to bring our precious people from death unto everlasting, ever-increasing life. Staff-Capt. Aubin.



VIEW OF GLACE BAY, C.B.

# WINNIPEG'S FRESH-AIR CAMP.

**Mrs. Major Southall's Pushing Enterprise Succeeds in Interesting the City Authorities and Citizens, and Materializes the Beneficent Scheme for Winnipeg's Poor Children and Their Mothers.**

In the absence of Major Southall, who is on furlough in England, Mrs. Southall has actively taken hold of a successful Fresh Air Camp. Her offer to the Mayor, and to the public through the press, to conduct a camp for poor children and their mothers, was readily accepted and generously responded to.

In the absence of other reports, we give below a condensed account of an article in the Winnipeg Free Press.

Just over the Red River, by the Norwood Bridge, and further on a good quarter of a mile, in a little grove, fringing the prairie stretching southward, the promoters of the Fresh Air Fund have pitched their tents. It is a pretty spot, and away from the dust of the city and the rush of the ever-moving crowd. The sun shone with a scorching heat in the open yesterday, but under the shade of the leafy palms it was mellowed into a pleasant warmth and the breeze blowing across the prairie tempered the subdued sunshine to an atmosphere cool and agreeable. And what a bright and happy picture the children made as they skipped about, played hide and seek in the poplar grove, or enjoyed the swings swinging from the stoutest trees. They were pleased and happy to get away from the close-roamed dwellings, in the close city environments, where the bright sunshine only reaches in a suffocating heat; they were glad to be free from restraint, free to roam where they would, restricted only by a wholesome terror of the farmers' eyes browsing powerfully not far away. There for a fortnight, children and mothers—for some mothers are there, too—will rusticate and

**Several Large Tents**  
have been pitched in the grove, given by Mr. Baker, of the Norwood Improvement Company.

The largest of the canvas erections is known as the dining tent. It will provide accommodation for about fifty children to have their meals comfortably. A portion has been curtained off and here the officers will take their meals, and short services will be held at intervals for the mothers and children. By the kindness of the Grundy Company a handsome organ has been

placed in the tent, and this will prove a most acceptable aid in these services which those interested in the matter hope to make as popular and pleasant as possible. In an adjoining tent the cooking is carried on, and by the aid of generous friends everything has been rendered most complete. Good substantial food will be served, and there will be no lack of it.

Then there are two large sleeping tents with wooden floors, well raised from the ground in case of wet. At one side are the mothers' beds, and at the other the children's—a set of cots in each tent. Plenty of blankets have been provided, and everything is tidy and clean. In close proximity are the officers' tents.

One of the most important, and, indeed, interesting features of the camp is

## The Hospital.

where any little mites who may be taken ill, and the doctors may think necessary

to send to the hospital, are placed. In front of this is the "Red Cross." Nurse McLeod, a graduate of the Winnipeg Hospital, is in charge. There are twelve little cots—in one of which a tiny Winnipegger was being tenderly nursed, and receiving such careful treatment that a day or two will find him convalescent and romping among his fellows in the sunshine outside. Should necessity arise, the number of cots for the little patients can be increased to double the number, as there is plenty of accommodation. Everything is sweet and clean, and those who visit the camp should not fail to "take in" the hospital. Mrs. Captain Knudson assists the trained nurse in this work. Dr. Inglis, the city health officer, who has all along taken a deep interest in the work, has arranged with a number of medical gentlemen to give their services for a week each.

Yesterday the number of children, from three months and upwards, and their mothers, were about thirty, and these will be augmented by several more to-day. Several ladies who have done much in promoting the work, collecting money and co-operating with the Salvation Army officers in the scheme, paid a visit to the camp, and along with Mrs. Southall and Adjt. Kerr, went over the various departments. The visitors were well pleased with what they saw, as everything was in good working order.

The camp will go on as long as the money lasts.

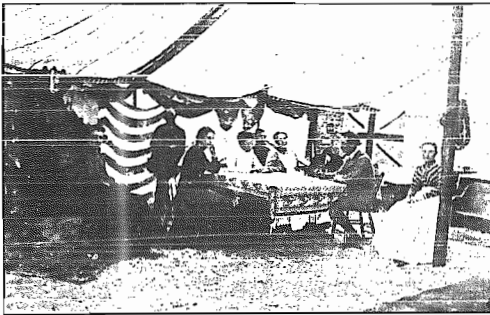
## An Unredressed Wrong.

Although poor, Annie's home had been a godly one; and her mother's prayers followed the young girl to her first situation.

For several months all went smoothly, for Annie had been trained from childhood to ways of industry and neatness; and her mistress was a kindly, easy-going woman. But summer came, and Mrs. Emory went to the seaside, leaving her husband in town, and Annie to keep the house tidy.



THE TWO LARGE SLEEPING TENTS.



THE COMBINATION TENT.

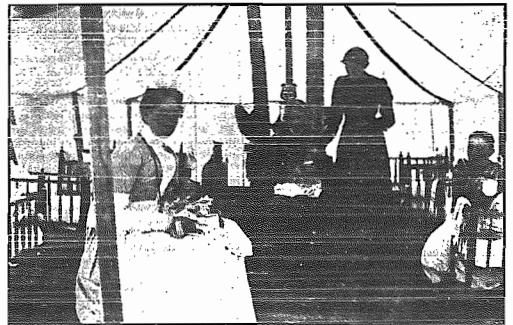
This large tent is divided into Dining-room and Meeting-place. Mrs. Southall is just ordering some groceries.

## Recover Their Health.

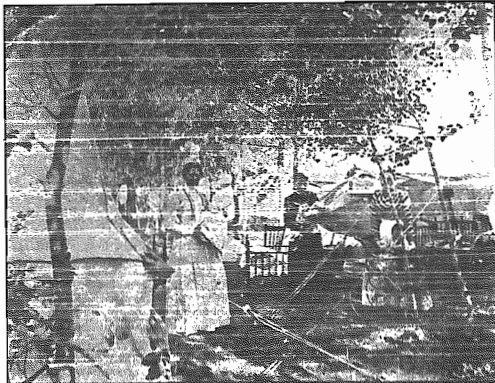
breathing the fresh ozone of the prairie, eating plenty of good, nourishing food, and sleeping in clean and comfortable beds. Indeed, enjoying all the comforts, and some of the luxuries with which the modern camper provides himself when he spends his summer in his favorite retreat.

Everything was humming, and the camp in full working order when a Free Press man visited it yesterday.

Mrs. Major Southall, of the Salvation Army, is in charge, and being a lady of considerable organizing power, and while not sparing herself, having the freewill of getting others to "put to their hand," she has managed to get things into splendid shape at very short notice. At her right hand she has Adjt. Kerr, who is attending to what one might describe as the domestic arrangements of the camp. The other officers assisting are Capt. and Mrs. Knudson and Capt. Glover. As is known, the work of collecting the money necessary for the undertaking is in the hands of the finance committee, of which Mrs. Lane is convener, and the duty of arranging the camp and having the work carried out has been entrusted to the Salvation Army.



INTERIOR OF HOSPITAL TENT.



THE HOSPITAL TENT AND NURSES.

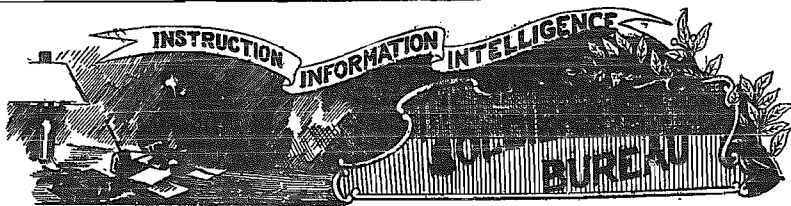
Mr. Emory was one of the many, whose lives are influenced less by principle than by pleasure and passion. With selfish unconcern for poor Annie's future, he took unmanly advantage of the girl's ignorant innocence; and when she found herself in trouble, he shrugged his shoulders with careless indifference.

As there was no evidence against Mr. Emory, Annie could get no redress for the terrible wrong done her. With a broken heart and crushed spirit she came to one of the Salvation Army Rescue Homes. She soon surrendered herself entirely to God; and after being a help and comfort in the Home, she was placed in a good situation, where she is now doing well. She is a soldier, and pays her mother for the care of her baby.

The nation holds open the front door of the saloon while the devil tempts the back door that leads to the gutter, the brothel, and hell.

If the sack is filled at once with wheat there will be no room for chaff. I fill my sack as early and as full as I can at the footstool of the Lord, or the devil would get in a bushel of chaff before breakfast.





## Derse Dopies.

### DUTY OF SHOWING THE RIGHT WAY.

To recognize error as error is small evidence of power. To recognize truth as truth is, in itself, a sign of superiority. A man may point out every error within range of his observation, or that might endanger his fellows, and yet be of no service in the world. He may observe, and indicate the important truth to be considered, and thus be in, and show to others, the right way, without taking note of any error at all. It is not enough to warn against pitfalls on the road or rocks in the harbor; unless he can show the safe route and the clear channel he is worthless as a pilot. May God preserve us from thinking or saying too much about faults and flaws and hindrances, and from not saying enough about the right and the safe way! He who fails to point others aright, may prove the ruin of those to whom he talks earnestly about the false way.—S. S. Times.

## The Week's Ammunition.

### SUNDAY—SAFE WHILE IN HIS HANDS.

"I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—John x. 28.

He giveth, indeed, life to the soul, eternal life, and life abundant. No man no devil, no power, can pluck His sheep from His hand, except our own will. He keeps us if we will it, but He does not force our will. Our following the Shepherd must be voluntarily. It is a continual exercise of choice, and this is the virtue of the service of love, which receives heaven.

His honor is engaged to save  
The meaneast of His sheep;  
All that His Heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keep.

### MONDAY—OUR NEEDS FULLY MET.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Phil. iv. 19.

There is not a need of the soul, but what God fully understands, and has made provision to meet it. We may often want things which are purposely withheld, but wants frequently, even in saints, differ from needs. God does not undertake to give us all our desires, but He undertakes to supply all our needs out of the abundant store of His riches. What need we worry about ourselves, then?

I can do all things, or can hear  
All sufferings, if My Lord be there;  
Sweet pleasure mingles with the pains,  
While His right hand my heart sustains.

### TUESDAY—IF DISCOURAGED, WAIT ON THE LORD.

"Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart."—Ps. xxvii. 14.

There are times in the lives of the bravest and most fearless of God's saints when there seems to be no definite pointer which to pursue, and the least winds, while the darkness closes around the spirit. It is especially a great trial to active natures, to whom anything else than aggression seems stagnation. If in such moments the soul pushes on in a path of its choosing, it will fall into greater depression. At such times we must wait on the Lord, for it has its own lesson. God sends these seasons to call a halt that we may turn our eyes into our own heart and behold there our powers. Waiting on the Lord brings strength within us; fills us with new powers, and accumulates courage for the time when the Lord's voice bids us advance again.

### WEDNESDAY—THE TEST OF LOVE.

"If ye love Me, keep My commandments."—John xiv. 15.

Love's assurances are praiseworthy and not to be neglected, but the true test of love is the anxious observance of the beloved's wishes. If there is a slowness and hesitancy or neglect about it, then we may form our declaration of love in the most eloquent of phrases, and it will only become offensive to a great degree. The doing of God's will is the true affirmation of our love for Him.

Only one intention,  
Only one ambition,  
Lord, at the cross I claim it mine;  
Every treasure spending,  
In Thy cause contending,  
Held by the power of a love like Thine.

### THURSDAY—THE EVIDENCE OF A CHRISTIAN.

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."—Rom. viii. 9.

This passage implies the solution to the former. If we love God, we do what He bids us, and we CAN do what we are hidden by Him, because His Spirit is ours. We are unable to rise above the crafty, subtle powers of evil, but His Spirit at once strengthens us and furnishes the power to do God's bidding.

The men that know Thy name will trust.

In time abundant grace;  
For Thou hast ne'er forsok the just,  
That humbly seek Thy face.

### FRIDAY—THE SPRING OF PEACE.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."—Isa. xvi. 3.

The pursuit of the things of time and sense brings but passing satisfaction; the old turmoil and contention in the unregenerated heart are but briefly lulled to sleep. But when happiness and contentment are unattainable to others, the child of God has a never-failing spring of peace within him! In the manner—God with us—not after of. We can turn to it when every hand is against us. The mind which turns to God, as the flower turns its face to the sun, drinks in the rays of everlasting peace.

Oh, the peace my Saviour gives,  
Peace I never knew before;  
And my way has brighter ground,  
Since I've learned to trust Him more.

### SATURDAY—SAFETY IN THE END ONLY.

"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."—Matt. xxiv. 13.

Conversion saves us from the past; faith saves us in the present; but nothing can save us definitely for the future. We must meet daily the conditions of salvation—obedience to the will of God. Yet there are many who would make us believe that salvation for eternity is a sort of bargain, made at the time of conversion, and for ever entitling us to a seat in heaven, independent of our behaviour after conversion.

Every hour I'll serve Thee,  
Whatever may befall,  
Till in heaven I crown Thee  
King and Lord of all.

## SAINTS WANTED.

By MAJOR BIRKENSHAW, Australia.

Every saint should be a soldier. May God make us each bolder, and send us forth to do daring deeds to win the world for Him. There is no doubt that this proud, defiant world needs saints. In the case of liberty, patriotism has

never died. Men have fought for their country, starved to death in prisons, and oh, what sacrifice has been made by thousands during the past few months! The mysterious power of patriotism has taken hold of men, who have left all, and even trampled on their lust for life so that they might answer the nation's call.

In this more glorious war for God and souls

### We Are Called to be Saints.

In the name of our God we will set up our banners, and show the intensity of desire to aspire each soldier throughout the country to be a saint. There is a magnetic power in the life that is lived in constant communion with God. One such saint will be a kindling torch to the almost expiring lights. They will be as "cities set upon a hill," an electric spark, which will fire the whole train, or town, to be more clear, their home, corps, or town.

We have some in the Army who are saints, and possess the martyr's soul, and the apostolic faith, and an undying love for Christ. But the need is for those to rouse up who are sluggish and are sound asleep amid firing souls and doomed humanity. The same Holy Ghost that helped Paul, and Stephen, and Peter on the day of Pentecost, and thousands of others who have followed in their footsteps, is for us, for the General, the officers, the soldiers, and all Christians. The same Almighty Power of the spiritual world which was at the command of the apostles and martyrs, and made them such saints, is open to us each. If we had the same coil of fire touching us as they had, we would achieve martyrdom as great as they. The need in each home, in every corps, is saints who will dare to stand by the standard of holiness, and, if needs be, die for these precious principles.

A saint will be a drink, enthusiastic, and heroic leader, and will fight against the devil. The powers of hell are ever active; their forces are ever on the watch, night and day. The need is for saints who can cope with the king of evil;

### Saints with Fire in Their Souls;

saints who count not their lives dear unto themselves; saints who can act for the need of all; saints full of courage, and zeal; saints who will thunder out to the wicked and call back the lost; saints who will believe men and women are going to dark damnation; saints who will cry out "Eternity! Eternity!" Our beloved General believes in the old theology of "hell," and has preached to hundreds of thousands, "Hell for the wicked, and heaven for the righteous." Oh, for saints with a burning passion to save souls! Saints are wanted who will make men fear God and keep His commandments; saints who are in deed earnest with their soul-stirring appeals and agonized prayers, together with their marvelous sacrifice for the sake of saving souls. The great Eternal God needs saints who have been touched with the live coal, who are on fire for souls because they have been stirred, shaped, and sanctified and the thunder of the bolts of the judgment. May the Eternal God make every soldier, recruit, and officer in our ranks a red-hot, fire-lapinized saint, full of the old-time heroism that dared to be faithful, though it meant the lion's den or the fiery furnace of Calvary.

The saints of old served God in hunger, nakedness, and cold; their trials were long, and oh, how stern!

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria till he died. Andrew was bound to a cross, and preached Christ till he expired. Stephen gave a wonderful testimony, and was stoned to death. Christ and the saints of old are a guide and example to us all.

### The Salvation of the World is in the Hands of Saints

Herodotus tells us that when Cyrus was pushing his conquests towards India, the various princes of that country

registered him, and among them was one Tigranes, who was taken prisoner by Cyrus. In the evening of the day of the battle Cyrus was seated upon a throne, received his captives, and looked upon the trophies of his victory as they passed before him. At last came the royal family of Tigranes, consisting of himself and wife, father and mother. The royal conqueror asked Tigranes with what he would redeem his father and mother, and he offered all his treasures, and they were released. Then said Cyrus to Tigranes, "With what will you redeem your wife?" Tigranes answered, "Oh, Cyrus, I will redeem her; I will die for her if you will restore her to liberty." The heroic answer so affected the noble Cyrus that he ordered the release of them both. Afterwards Tigranes asked his wife if she was not impressed with Cyrus' noble appearance. "No," she answered, "I was looking to the man who offered to redeem me with his life."

And our King looks only on the sublime life and devotion of the saints, and He will crown the saints who are prepared for self-sacrifice and death for the sake of the dying world around.

## What a Soldier Should Know

### Obedience an Essential Principle.

Obedience is an essential principle of all governments, human or Divine. Without it there would be confusion even in Heaven. Much more so must it be in the world, to disorder and every evil work on earth.

Without obedience, government is an impossibility. Every soldier must therefore render cheerful and willing obedience to the commands of his superiors. Of course, this is supposing the such commands are always in accordance with truth and righteousness; but if they are so, then he must seek to carry them through without a question.

### A Duty to God and Man.

Obedience supposes that the soldier relies on the wisdom and goodness of his officers, believing that they have the Spirit of God, and will only command him to do that which is right. It is essential to see that the carrying out of this principle of obedience is a duty he owes alike to God and men; that the Bible requires that he should obey those that are over him in the Lord, and that it is impossible for anything very excellent to be accomplished if done towards saving souls without it.

### Armies Only Victorious Through It.

He should understand that the practice of obedience is the very foundation of all the fighting power in the Army. If soldiers persuade themselves that they can refuse to obey orders at will because they do not like them, because they think that they are not to be personally advantaged, profited, or honored, or for any other reason whatever, no one can be sure of getting anything done at all, much less with that quick, rapid, and prompt action which secures victory.

### Essential to the Peace of Mind.

He will see that the acceptance of this principle of obedience and a cheerful compliance with it are essential to true peace of mind. If a soldier is always arguing as to whether he ought to do this or to do the other—to go here or to stay there—he will always be more or less miserable; whereas if he commits his leaders to God, and trusts in the Holy Spirit to guide them, he has nothing to do but to obey.

The soldier will also feel that obedience is a means of grace and growth, helping to make strong and useful men and women, and fitting them for positions of usefulness. Those who have never learnt to obey are not fit to command.

### Prompt and Constant Obedience.

The obedience of the soldier should be prompt; that is, it must be given at the moment. The carrying out of orders immediately on their being issued is important. Delays in the fulfillment of commands, if not always dangerous, will make the obedience useless when it does come.

The obedience of the soldier should be constant. It must be rendered whether the order is pleasant or otherwise—agreeable or not—to flesh and blood. The soldier can only obey such orders as he chooses cannot be said to obey at all. The uniform compliance with all instructions is the very essence of that obedience which lies at the root of all good government.

# Officers' Councils at Spokane.

**A Much-Prized Opportunity by Western Officers—Officers' Day Off—Heavenly Councils—Lively Wind-up, with Big Open-Air and Indoor Meetings.**

By ENSIGN BLOSS.

Major and Mrs. Hargrave, the Provincial Officers, have just concluded two days' councils with the officers of the Pacific Province. The distances being so great out here makes it almost impossible to assemble all the officers at one central point whenever the P. O. desires them in for council, but it has been generally managed to have one of those a year, by making a general farewell, and so it happened this time.

Monday and Tuesday the officers began to arrive, the most of them having to travel from 12 to 24 hours to get here; they came in the morning, noon, evening, and midnight; from east, west, north, and south. Some came from easy trips, and some from "hard nuts" (for "all's not gold that glitters," even in the "Golden West"), but every one seemed to come in with a cheerful expectancy.

The officers had not all arrived when the first session of the council commenced on Wednesday morning, but as the first song was lined out by the Major, and "We'll be heroes" was wafted out on the breezes through the open windows of the barracks, our faith seemed to rise, and God came down upon us, as He always does to waiting hearts, so that when we got upon our knees and poured out our souls together in song, it seemed as though heaven had come down half way to meet us; it was good to be there.

The morning session was a sort of welcome reception, when the Major and Mrs. Hargrave, in a few words of welcome, told how pleased they were to have the opportunity of meeting the officers, and to meet together in council, after which we adjourned for dinner.

## A Picnic with Froo Bids.

It had been decided to spend the two days in close session to discuss the most important needs of the war, but the Provincial Officer thought upon a splendid idea, and that was to have an officers' picnic for the Wednesday afternoon, seeing that many, for the past year, had been fighting against great odds, in the way of preaching to hardened and indifferent crowds, small attendance at open-air, few souls, and the like, and so very seldom get together, as well as the fact that the P. O.'s were strangers to many, and this would afford an opportunity for inter-

views, so that two birds were killed with one stone; therefore it was with pleasure and surprise that each officer, as they came into the city, received a little formal letter inviting them to be present at the picnic. At 1:30 p.m. we met at the corner of Wellington St. and Riverside Ave., where, through the kindness of Mr. Reader, a warm friend of the Army, and President of the Montrose Railway and Park Co., was placed at our disposal one of his cars free to take us to the Park. It was a beautiful day, and a jollier, happier crowd I don't think could be found in Spokane than



STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. TAYLOR AND CORY MABEL.

the 40 of us who took possession of the car, both outside and in, leaving hardly sufficient room for the motorman.

Mrs. Hargrave was Caterer, so that when we got dry there was some lemonade, and when we got tired we sat on the seats under the shady trees, and there partook of cherries, of which there was an abundance; you have got to come to the State of Washington to get the ideal cherries. Then the stout, good-natured looking photographer came along to take our photo; in fact, everything seemed to fit in its place.

The "Caterer" and her aides had a

fine tea spread for the hungry ones, and after grace was sung heartily, justice was done to the well-spread table; then, till it was time to take the car for home, time was spent in exchanging notes amongst the officers, together with finishing up with a good prayer meeting. When Mrs. Hargrave thanked our Heavenly Father for the blessings of the day, and asked for grace to help us conquer in the future.

Thursday, some 40 officers assembled for a day of council, beginning at 9:30 a.m. The morning was given up to our spiritual needs, it being, as the Major termed it, our soldiers' meeting. One poor drunk wandered in and sat at the back, and when told it was a private meeting, said he was sorry to disturb us, but was attracted by the singing, and being a backslidden Salvationist himself, the singing took hold of him. May God restore him to his former joy and peace! Before the Major took his subject, a time was given for some testimonies, when Adjt. Ayre, in his usual Blood-and-Fire style, told us he did not know what discouragement was, and thanked God for the power that had kept him going on. A few



Bro. Hunt, Virden, Man.

discussion of the J. S. war, Band of Love, and the making and keeping of soldiers; we were shown our weaknesses in this direction, and I am sure the Province ought to benefit by this afternoon's session; in fact, almost before the last echo of the council had died away, word was received from one of the officers at his corps, that already he had got the J. S. work going, which before had seemed almost an impossibility.

## One of the Largest Open-Airs

Spokane has known for years was taking place this same evening, right in the heart of the city; and when that indefatigable Adjt. Ayre got hold of the reins, there was no going to sleep. Some red-hot shots were fired into the enemy's ranks, and one of the leading features was a word or two from Skagway's new leaders, Capt. Emma Gooding and Lieut. Long, and the installation of Spokane's new officers, Staff-Capt. Galt and Capt. LeDrew, by Major Hargrave, after which we wended our way to the barracks, where a crowded house awaited us.

We were soon into a swinging meeting, led by the Major and Mrs. Hargrave. The soldiers most gladly gave up the platform to the officers for this one night, and sat still, with the exception of a hearty "Amen!" now and again. The united singing brought the tears to many eyes. Oh, the power of song! Officers were called on from all parts of the Province to say a few words, and solos were sung. We had a glorious meeting, although none would yield.

A wire of sympathy was sent from the officers in council to Adjt. Gale of Butte, who, with the whole corps, flags, and drum, were arrested for holding open-air meetings, but the case has since been dismissed. Hallelujah! Victory for Butte!

## THE SALOON THE GATEWAY OF HELL

J. G. Wooler characterizes it in the following forcible words:

"Nothing so monstrous ever cast a shadow on land or sea. Nothing so villainous ever dared the lightning of the wrath of God or man.

"Her hold is full of widows' dowries stolen when they wrang their empty hands and prayed for the mean mercy of sober penury; orphans' patrimonies filched from them while in dazed horror they watched their murdered fathers die; jewels torn from the sweet bosoms of brides—spotless yet, but foredoomed to shame, merry, and blind, and accursed in their first and only love.

"Sleek sharks swarm in her wake for the dead that come over the side unshrouded and unshriven—twelve to the hour, year in out; and her scuppers dip the blood of assassinated innocence into the Sad Sea, hour by hour, never ceasing.

"When she was launched, insanity sat in the ricicles and improvised a crazy song; impurity broke on her deck the lamp from the happy home; treason struck a match and lit the fires; infatigable spattered the minnow with a mother's heart across her bow; and the whole family of crime whirled itself and hissed a name for her as she slid down the ways—S-S-Saloon."

No man is rich enough to be extravagant.



OFFICERS OF THE PACIFIC PROVINCE ON SPOKANE'S PICNIC DAY.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

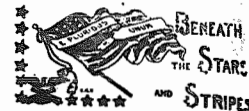
ADJT. JOST, Halifax Reserve Home, to be STAFF-CAPTAIN.  
 Capt. A. Barker, St. Johns, Nfld., Men's Social, to be ENSIGN.  
 Capt. E. Mercer, Gooseberry Island, to be ENSIGN.  
 Lieut. Downey, Carbonear, to be Captain at Bird Island Cove.  
 Lieut. Way, Twillingate, to be Captain at Trinity.  
 Lieut. LeDrew, Exploits, to be Captain at Hare Bay.  
 Lieut. Rose, Triton, to be Captain at Jackson's Cove.  
 Lieut. Follett, Herring Neck, to be Captain at Little Bay Island.  
 Lieut. Richards, to be Captain at Campbellton.  
 Lieut. Wiseman, Bay Roberts, to be Captain at Garnish.  
 Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll, to be Captain at Blenheim.

## APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN HISCOCK, to Harbor Grace Corps and District.  
 ENSIGN BENNETT to Bonne Bay Corps and District.  
 ENSIGN J. SPARKS to Carbonear Corps and District.  
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. BURDITT,  
 Recently Appointed Chancellors of East Ontario Province.



Staff-Captain and Mrs. Brewer have  
 farewelled from their command at New  
 York 1. Adjt. and Mrs. Davis succeed  
 them at the above corps.

Brigadiers Miles and Stillwell, assisted by the National Staff Brass and String Bands, dedicated, during the latter part of July, the new House-hoat at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, which will be used as a Training ship for the Cadets, who will also conduct meetings at the different cities and towns on the Hudson River between New York and Albany. The dedication service was in the form of an open-air, and lasted for over two hours. The New York City says, "They didn't furnish the people with camp-chairs either."

Mrs. Colonel Higgins has been on a tour visiting several large cities, among the number being Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Detroit.

Lieut.-Colonel Holz has been conducting a week of very successful Camp Meetings at Rocky River—a suburb of Cleveland.

The Commander has been spending a few days at the Farm Colony, Fort Amity.

Staff-Capt. Benjamin, of the Cherry Tree Home, is improving.

The demand for the Army's cheapie in the poor districts of New York City is so great that Brigadier Stillwell has added another wagon to the distributing stock.

The National Singing Brigade has closed a blessed soul-saving series of meetings in the village of Kinderhook, N. Y. The Brigade was rehearsed one night by Major Blanche Cox, with her A. D. C., Adjt. Yoder, and Mrs. Brigadier Stillwell led four meetings during the week-end.

Major George Wood (an old Canadian officer), who is in charge of the Hawaii Islands District, has applied to our New York Headquarters for officers to extend the Army work there.

The Commander spent a Sunday at Chicago on his way to the Pacific coast. As well as conducting four meetings, including knee-drill, at which 22 souls came forward, he commissioned 35 Cadets.

Colonel Sowton has returned to National Headquarters, after a trip through the Swedish section of the New England Division.

The next issue of the New York War Cry will be a Soldiers' Number, specially dedicated to the interests of our fighters in the ranks. Colored frontispiece, good illustrations and inspiring writings.

Major Galley is making arrangements for a free excursion for one thousand of New York's poor children.

Lieut.-Colonel William Evans, of the Pacific Coast Division, is improving. Mrs. Staff-Capt. Connett, who has recently undergone an operation for cancer, is also improving. Praise God for this cheering news.

The Commander met with a tremendous reception on the occasion of his visit to San Francisco.

Amongst other things that he placed, fire and quarantine at Honolulu have brought to light is the disgraceful traffic in Japanese girls. Several of the Japanese men who owned these girls were brought to trial, but apparently the law of that country was not far-reaching enough to touch them; consequently the cases were thrown out.

ing and elegant appeals for more and greater efforts in this direction. If you are not persuaded we should recommend to you a walk through the poorest districts of your city, on a tropical summer afternoon.

### MAJOR PICKERING AND HAND BELL-RINGERS AT NEWCASTLE, N.B.

(By wire.)

THE VISIT OF MAJOR PICKERING, PROVINCIAL OFFICER, AND SALVATION HAND-BELL RINGERS, BROUGHT MAGNIFICENT CROWDS. THIS PLACE WAS STIRRED. THE PLAYING AND SINGING WERE MUCH ENJOYED. COLLECTIONS, \$80. MEETINGS VERY MUCH APPRECIATED. ONE SOUL FOUND SALVATION. UNIVERSAL DESIRE FOR SECOND VISIT OF TROUPE.—Capt. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson.

### Odds and Ends.

Major and Mrs. Smeeton conducted two meetings at Dovercourt on Sunday. The Major says the afternoon meeting in the Grove, was very good, but no one would yield to him convictions of the Holy Spirit.

Staff-Capt. Arehild conducted a Thursday evening meeting at Temple. He spoke on his prison work. Mrs. Daniels also spoke, and was enrolled as a soldier of the Temple corps, with seven others.

Lieut.-Colonel Merges journeyed to Newmarket on Saturday, and conducted the week-end meetings there. He reports having a good time during the day, and one soul sought salvation. The night meeting was spoiled by the thunder-storm.

The arrangements for the Dufferin Grove Camp Meetings are all completed, and before this information reaches the public they will be about over.

Adits. Attwell and Turpin specialised at Yorkville and Riverside respectively.



Commissioners Kilbey and Ralston have been conducting some very special meetings at Cape Town, in which 70 souls sought salvation.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Robertson is improving.

Brigadier Howe, the Territorial Secretary, has been conducting meetings in Eastern Cape Colony.

Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey are also visiting the East, and are including in their tour several places in Natal.

### LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS AT DOVERCOURT

On Sunday, July 22nd.

(Special.)

I believe it is seven years since Dvercourt had the presence of the Territorial Secretary for a Sunday's meetings. That's a long time, but, of course, he has been appointed out of the city a greater part of that time. We shall hope that his visits will be more frequent in the future.

The meeting in Dufferin Grove in the afternoon was splendid. The people made themselves as comfortable as possible upon the grass in the shade of the trees, and then gave the very best attention throughout the service. The Colonel's Bible reading was excellent. "No other name given among men," was the burden of his message. If men would obey their convictions, what results there would be from appeals such as this meeting.

At night we were in the barracks. The audience might have been larger, but my lack in this sense was made up in the spirit and tone of the meeting. Colonel's talk was very helpful. I am sure the comrades were blessed and inspired by what we listened to.—J. A.

### MAJOR PICKERING AND HAND BELL-RINGERS AT CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

TREMENDOUS SUCCESS.

(By wire.)

VISIT OF MAJOR PICKERING AND SALVATION HAND-BELL RINGERS TO CAMPBELLTON: CROWDS UNPRECEDENTED; WHOLE CITY MOVED. EVERYBODY CHARMED WITH MUSIC. MAJOR'S ADDRESS GRIPPED IN MARVELOUS WAY; CROWD SPELLBOUND. RESULT, TEN SOULS SEEKING SALVATION. INCOME \$54. REV. MR. IVES ASSISTING. EXPECTING TREMENDOUS TIME MUSICAL FESTIVAL TO-NIGHT. FULL REPORT FOLLOWS.—Capt. McElheney.

### "These Sayings are Mine"

Jesus declares that whosoever will "hear and heed these sayings of Mine," referring to His sermon on the Mount—and doubtless the same principles apply to the whole Bible—is like a man who built his house upon a rock, which, despite floods and storms, stood secure; while, on the other hand, all who hear and heed them not, He likens to foolish builders, placing their soul-structures upon the quicksand of uncertainty, doomed to go down. Yet in the very face of these lightning-like warnings of the Son of God Himself, how few people there are who have even memorized the Sermon on the Mount, much less the four Gospels! And how many there are on every hand who not only are not familiar with the words of Jesus, but who are ruthlessly trampling them beneath their feet, and yet expect to die happy and spend eternity in heaven!

### A Veteran Hero Promoted.

A cable brings us the sad news that Commissioner Dordville has laid down the sword and taken up a place closer to the King's throne. This intelligence will bring genuine regret to many hearts all round the world. The Commissioner was one of the grandest heroes of the Salvation Army, having long connected with it every since it was known as the Christian Mission. He has seen many a stormy scene, has braved mobs and riots fearlessly, and has, until recently, been an active and powerful officer.

Many of our readers will remember the portly Commissioner when he, in company with his gifted wife, made a tour, as Spiritual Specialists, through Canada and the United States, about ten years ago. His meetings proved a powerful stimulant to many a heart, and their influence lives in many a heart to this day.

May the God of widows prove very precious to Mrs. Dordville in this great loss.

### Fresh Air Camps.

Fresh Air Camps have been, with great success, conducted by the Salvation Army in the United States; but in this country, as far as the Army's concerned, Mrs. Major Southall deserves the credit of having made the innovation which we heartily welcome. Independent societies have, from time to time, organized Fresh Air Funds in one or two Canadian cities, but their efforts have met only a fraction of the actual need. The pale, pinched cheeks of the poor children of the cities are the most touch-



July 31st.

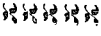
## THE CHINESE SITUATION.

The most welcome news from China comes in the shape of a telegram from Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Ambassador in China, dated July 21st, in



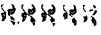
THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

which he states that the women and children are in the British Legation, and that the attack from the Chinese, which lasted from June 20th to July 16th, had ceased, and an armistice had been agreed upon. The casualties of the foreigners amounted to sixty-two killed and a number wounded. It appears now that the rumor of the death of the Dowager Empress and Emperor is



LI HUNG CHANG.

Head of the Chinese Viceroy.



unfounded, and that the Empress is holding the reins. Li Hung Chang, most prominent of Chinese Viceroy at Shanghai, and evidently playing game of the Empress with the foreign Consuls. He states that the four ministers will be held as hostages secure satisfactory terms of settlement with the powers. He also hints of an advance on Peking would mean a slaughter of the ministers. The murder of missionaries and native Christian by the hundreds and thousands is still going on in all parts of the Empire.

—●—

## THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY

The hideous serpent of anarchy has once more raised his head. On July 30th King Humbert of Italy was assassinated by Angelo Bressi, of Padua, at Monza, Italy. The monarch died three times in quick succession with a revolver, one bullet piercing the heart of the King, who fell back and expired in a few minutes. The assassination has caused a profound sensation throughout Europe. His son will take the throne and will be known as King Victor Emmanuel the Third.

—●—

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The hostilities between the Briton and Boer seem now to be confined to a limited part of the Transvaal. The British forces have made considerable advance in an easterly direction, and General De Wet, who has the remaining Boer forces of the Orange River Colony under his command, is said to be on the point of surrendering. General Prinsloo and one thousand Boers have surrendered to General Hunter unconditionally. This force was formerly under the supreme command of De Wet, who is now with a force of fifteen hundred men at Reitzburg. It is proposed to leave forty-five thousand men in South Africa, including fifteen thousand Colonial and Reservists desiring to remain.

—●—

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Another attempt has been made to interfere with the Welland Canal, which has been frustrated by the guards. Two hundred soldiers have been called out at Vancouver to protect the Japanese from molestation by the white fishermen. Recent rains in India have given great hopes for raising a harvest. The Shah of Persia is visiting the



"KILL THE FOREIGNERS."

Natives Rounding the Posters which are Inciting the People to Kill all the "Foreign Devils."



Owing to the increase of our work in Japan, the Headquarters at Shiba has proved too small, and they have consequently been shifted to Shibaguchi. The site is a good central position, just opposite the station near the post and

God bless the Staff-Captain, his wife and child.

—//—

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt succeeded Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor and the welcome meeting took place at No. 1. A large crowd was in attendance, also a number of officers, on their way to new appointments, together with the city officers. The new Chamberlains were received with open arms, and none were more glad to see them than J. S. Pugnere.

## The Relief of Dawson.

The Pioneer Party Leaves the Klondike, and the New Officers Take Charge.

On Thursday, July 5th, at 8:30, in the Methodist Church, with the Rev. Mr. Sinclair in the chair, we said good-bye to Dawson and welcomed the new party. After an opening song was lined out by the writer, Eusign Ellery and the Methodist minister prayed, the chairman speaking complimentary of the S. A. in the work done, said he was proud of the position he held that night, and called upon the new party. The latter referred to his stay in Dawson as a very pleasant one, even to the chopping of logs and building of cabins. The writer, soloed, by request, "I love Him best of all." Eusign Ellery, in a very pathetic referred to her past, present, and future life, the crowd applauding her as she resumed her seat. Mrs. Sherrington soloed, "At the right hand God will never say farewell," and Hetherington, the Methodist minister spoke briefly of his pleasant acquaintance with the pioneers of the S. of the manual labor done side by side.

The Union that Existed in the Mission Enterprise.

speaking for the community, he said the party were leaving with the goodwill of all.

Responses of "Amen" from the audience assured the new contingent that the people's sympathy, etc., were with them, and wished them success. Capt. Lloyd received a Klondike reception. He said she was proud of two things: first, that she loved God; and, that she was here and intended to do her master's will.

Adj. and Mrs. Barr favored us with a duet, which, I believe, turned out to be a trio, as Capt. Janet chimed in. The Adjutant remarked that he did not know which was affecting her the most, the farewells or the welcome, which brought down the house. Mrs. Barr's ambition was that the Kingdom of God should be extended, remarking that she could not help feeling at home by the welcome given her.

Capt. Wilcox, accompanied by her guitar, soloed, "No, never alone," which was received heartily by the crowd. The chairman expressed the regret of the absence of the other ministers, who wished the pioneers God-speed, and welcomed the new contingent to Dawson. Adj. Barr, on rising, was received in Klondike style. His points were plain: he and his staff were in Dawson.

For the Benefit of the People.

and no stone would be left unturned to accomplish the desired end. He afterwards lined out, "Tied he with you till we meet again," which was sung heartily by the congregation. Rev. Mr. Sinclair pronounced the benediction.

Ice cream and cake were served rapidly to the satisfaction of all, who declared it to be the best ice cream they had tasted in Dawson. Much praise is due to the efforts of Capt. Lloyd and staff of Pioneer-Christians.

"Still for Five Seconds"

was the order of the photographer, and a very pleasant evening and social was brought to an end. In the pioneer experience another chapter closed. The future will relate about the new contingent, without doubt, such achievements worthy of the Flag with the Pioneer Star—Yours as ever, Johnny LeCorg, Capt.

One reason why Job did not get entirely in the dark was because he kept looking up.

That cannot be the true religion which is so absorbed in the revelation of God that it forgets its relation to men.

"The latter himself, who is not easily satisfied on these matters, expressed himself as well pleased by the appearance of the new Cadets. They were, physically, of a stronger stamp than usual. The appointment of Brigadier Dean as Vice-Principal of the Training Homes, which carries with it increased and wider responsibilities, caused great joy in the camp."

—●—

Major Ewens, the Divisional Officer for Cornwall, states that the influence of Mrs. Booth's visits to Plymouth, and the development of the Social work generally, is having an encouraging effect among his corps. Officers find a ready entry to local prisons, and a disposition to seek the aid of our corps in special cases.

—●—

"Uncle Paul, in the London War Cry, writes: 'Staff-Capt. Mantion, from Canada, walked straight into all our hearts this week. He belongs to the sunbaked lot, and is a walking advertisement of a happy religion. He finishes up his furlough in England by giving a lecture at Clapton on, 'Sixty Years of Smiles and Tears.'"

—●—

Commissioner Coombs conducted a Sunday's campaign at Congress Hall, with 80° in the shade and 118 souls at the pentecost form. It must have been very hot!

So true unto the cross,

In spite of pain and loss,

Let's prove until its welcome heaven sings us,

announcement, for the barracks was simply packed. The P. O.'s children did bar-bell exercises and musical drills. Staff-Capt. Taylor farewelled, having been appointed to the Pacific Province, under Major Hargrave. Mrs. Pugnere had a good go in and spoke with power and blessing. Great excitement prevailed when Lieut. Cook was promoted to Captaincy.

—//—

Staff-Capt. Taylor's last week-end in the city was spent at good old No. 1, and your humble dust was in command. We had a swinging march on Saturday night, band to the front, and a bright meeting inside. Sunday morning, 23, present for knee-drill, which was conducted by the Chancellor, assisted by Eusign Williams, the P. O. having arranged to meet the band a little later on, and which the Lord made a precious season. The band is on the upgrade at No. 1. The 11 a.m. meeting had been announced as a lovefest. God was present, and three knelt at Love's footstool at the close.

The afternoon was a departure from the usual custom. For instance, the Corps-Cadets (four in number) were put through some public examinations, and did well. Then Ethel Williams gave a recitation very acceptably, and other Juniors took part as well. The night's open-air demonstration on the Victoria Square was a sound affair. A large crowd of people eagerly drank in the words. What a victory to have open-air privileges in this city! Forty-four soldiers were present. Staff-Captain Taylor finally farewelled in the inside meeting. He has labored in the Province for nine months very acceptably.





## On the Right Lines.

**KALISPELL, Mont.**—The presence of Lieut. Tippet, who is a thorough Salvationist in principle and practice, is stand, and in God's strength we will keep the flag up. Since last report two men have sought the forgiveness of their sins purchased by Christ on the cross. Our open-air are very good. God is with us and helping us to preach Christ crucified. Oh, that the sinner would taste and see the riches of His grace! and, oh, that Christians would obey God fully and accept, by faith, the holy fire which will burn up all self! We are having victory in our souls and enjoy the blessing of clean hearts.—Lieut. J. W. Boyer.

## Off to Alaska.

**ROSSLAND, B. C.**—Two weeks ago Cadet Mrs. Chibberg said good-by her Rossland comrades to take up duties as assistant at the Rescue H. Spokane. A number of the company were at the depot to give her a "S. A. send-off." May the Lord her heart's desire in the rescue many of the fallen. Last Monday C. Gooding and Lieut. Long brought 4 mouths' of good, successful work to finish with a farewell social. It was splendid success, about two hundred taking part. At 10:40 p.m., corps band marched them to the station, see them off in proper style for frozen North, Skagway, Alaska, for their next appointment. I should that our "Sunshine" bade us farewell too, and went with them as far as Skagway. God bless Lieut. Smith. A for welcomes. Adj. Stevens arrived on Friday and got into harness at Rossland corps and people gave her sincere welcome. Capt. Thoen appeared on Saturday, and sang herself the confidence and good-will of Sunday's meetings were times of blessing.—Sergt. Major.

**HANNAH, N.D.**—Once more a Bel-Deuil has come and gone, with its trials and blessings, and once more we have had a grand victory in reaching our target. I said the effort I come and gone, but thank God blessings are not gone, but shall continue to fall upon the poor and needy of our land. Lifting up the fallen, rousing the perishing, and rolling the chariot still faster along. Our soldiers and juniors have worked with a will and did what they could. They shall have their reward. The friends, also, have given of their substance. We can only thank them, but they shall have their reward. One lady gave me her wedding ring to sell for the famine fund. She shall have her reward.—Rob Askin, Capt.

**SCILLY COVE, Nfld.**—After attending a beautiful council at St. Johns, we went to our new apartments, and we are going in to do our best to bless and help our comrades and friends on the way to Heaven. The people have been so busy, we had small crowds at our meetings until Saturday night. A fine crowd was at our welcome meeting. I am glad to be able to take my stand and work heart and hand with my old comrades once more. Sunday was a day of rejoicing from morning till night, although no one cared to be saved.—Capt. English.

## Thirteen Souls for the Week.

**ST. JOHNS, I., Nfld.**—No. 1. It is still looking up, and things seem to be working in the right direction. Souls are getting saved. Adj. and Mrs. McLean have taken hold of this corps in good style, and are in for victory. The past week has been a great blessing to saint and sinner; God came very near, and at the close of our week's meeting, we could give God the glory and dance for joy over thirteen souls in the Fountain. The band is still keeping to the front. Bandmaster Evans and the boys are determined to stand by us with music, to push the war on with greater speed. The Junior work is progressing. Adj.

Cave and his Junior workers have the work at heart. Soldiers are all on fire.—Capt. M. James.

## Lieut.-Col. Margetta at Riversdale.

**RIVERSIDE.**—Notwithstanding the extraordinary hot day, a beautiful crowd turned out to give the Territorial Secretary a royal welcome. We were all delighted to have him with us, and we shan't soon forget his meetings. A nice crowd gathered for the afternoon, but a much larger for the night meeting. His talk on "The Last Message," was indeed a treat. That favorite song, "My name in mother's prayer," was rendered very effectively, with concertina accompaniment, by request. We closed the day with two seeking salvation. All praise to our King. Come again, Colonel.—W. G. W.

## The Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers.

and, especially the new feature of the hand-bell ringing. On Sunday the troupe was with us all day, led on by Staff-Capt. Rawling and Major R. O. Pickering. We had a good day, and ended up with five souls for salvation. The troupe can fight, and one of its number who don't dance, did dance, and someone remarked that it was as good as a \$5 bill to see T—dance. Come again, Major, and don't, don't, don't forget to bring the troupe.—Outsider.

**GREAT FALLS, Mont.**—We arrived Sunday night. Glorious crowd in the open-air. Inside meeting, time of great power. This makes the third time for Capt. Spence to be in charge of Great Falls. Expecting a wonderful time. Soldiers in high expectations.

**RAT PORTAGE.**—Fighting on, thrashing the devil. Ensign and Mrs. Hahrik, and "Little Faith" away on furlough. We trust they will come back to us strengthened in body to carry on God's work in this place. God is truly working in our midst, and we believe that soon many shall be saved. While in the open-air Monday night, one man gave \$4 in the drum-head collection.—Hector C. Hahrik, Capt.

## Several Farewells.

**MONTREAL, I.**—Thursday night we had an ice cream social. The program was very good. Brigadier Pugmire assisted with his children. Their musical drills made the meeting very interesting. It was also the farewell meeting of Staff-Capt. Taylor, who has been appointed Chancellor of the Pacific Province. Staff-Capt. has not been with us as long as we would like, but he has been a blessing to many a soul, and we pray that God may go with him to

his new appointment. One particularly interesting feature of the meeting was the promotion of Lieut. Cook to be Captain, after four months' hard work at the Point, in which time she has shown that she has always sought the Kingdom first. We feel very sorry to lose her, but God will bless her in her new command at Morrisburg.—W. Goodale, Cor.

## Challenge any W. O. Corps.

**BRANTFORD.**—We are pleased to report that the old chariot is rolling on in this city. Our Thursday evening open-air meeting was a welcome to Adj. McGillicray. A nice crowd turned out to greet him, and the meeting went with a swing. Saturday night and all day Sunday our new leaders held the reins, and God helped them very much, the crowds listening intently. Our expectations of the summer's warfare, with such capable ones to lead us on. Keep your eyes on Brantford. (The writer finds that Adj. and Mr. McGillicray are exceptionally interested in the J. S. work. We are therefore prepared to challenge any corps in the W. O. P. to heat us in the standing of J. S. company meetings. Now then, come along.—O. Shoemaker.

**LINGAR ST.**—Colonel Jacobs, assisted by Staff-Capt. Stanbury, conducted an old-time, soul-blessing soldiers' meeting, and I think he got blessed also by the testimony of some of the soldiers.

very near. At night two souls knelt at the Cross, one Senior and a Junior. Yours to win, Capt. Ford.

**CARBONEAR, Nfld.**—Glad to report victory. Although most of our comrades have gone away for the summer season, and there are only a few of us, God is blessing us and souls have been saved. Wednesday night was a welcome home meeting to our new D. O. Ensign Sparks. God bless him, and may his stay at Carbonear be a blessed one. All day on Sunday we had times of power; at the close three poor wanderers came back to the fold.—Sergt. Major Taylor.

## The Man from the East.

**BRANTFORD.**—We have just arrived after spending nearly five years in the beautiful East. We had to say good-bye to many comrades and friends and proceed to this our new scene of salvation warfare. After two weeks' furlough, we arrived in Brantford Thursday, July 10th. We received a very warm welcome from the comrades and friends, and enjoyed our first week-end together immensely. The J. S. work here is second to none in the Dominion. The live workers are at their business, and always looking for ways and means to improve the situation. I hear a challenge has gone forth to the W. O. P. in J. S. matters. The League of Mercy, and, in fact, all branches of the S. A. war, are making on nicely. The open-air work is grand, our first impressions of city people and opportunities are very satisfactory. You'll hear from us again.—J. McGill-ray.

**OTTAWA.**—Ensign Ottaway and Lieut. McEwen paid a visit to Rupert village on Monday and Tuesday, July 31st and 1st. Ensign addressed the cornerite congregation on Monday evening. Rev. Mr. Wyatt, the pastor, sang present. On Tuesday evening Ensign spoke at the Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian Church, the ev. Mr. Gamble in the chair. Adj. Ensign is very and the people helped only with our S.-I. target. On Thursday the Juniors had a grand outing at Britannia. In the evening Ensign Ottaway's subject was, "A Salvation Army Scandal," it being an account of how she joined the Army and was very interesting. Sunday afternoon, about five recruits as soldiers of the yellow, red, and blue, also two were transferred to our corps. On Sunday evening Capt. Vance and Lieut. McEwen farewelled. We spent the day with a rousing Salvation meeting. Five souls sought the Saviour.—Albert French, Sec.

## Grand Week-End at Midland.

**MIDLAND.**—Saturday night was good and two souls came to the Cross and found pardon. Sunday night was a hot time for the devil. Our holiness meeting was a time of blessing: two souls

God bless her and restore her to us. Amen.—S. McFarland, R. C.

## Drunkard Age and Sweet Youth.

**NORTH SYDNEY.**—At this end we are having victory. Sunday afternoon a poor old drunk and a dear little girl both knelt at the Cross together. It was a grand sight. At night another young man professed salvation. Crowds good both in the open-air and inside meeting. Finances never better. Good things expected for North Sydney. G. P. Thompson.

## Saved at the Drum-head.

**BRAMPTON.**—We had with us Adjutant Adams and Ensign Hyde for the Saturday and Sunday, July 14th and 15th. Meetings were enjoyed by all. No visible results, but we believe many were convicted. The following Sunday a man who cried for mercy at the drum-head in the open-air on July 12th, came to the meetings and testified to the saving and keeping power of God. He is getting along nicely, and determined to go right through.—Cand. Minnes.

**TILT COVE.**—On Sunday night Bros. F. Smith and L. Newman, after about three years' of faithful service as soldiers, said good-bye and left for St. John's Training Garrison. They will be missed very much, as they were both J. S. workers. The two Cadets sang a solo each and spoke of how God had led them in the past, and their determination to trust and obey Him in the future. At the close of the meeting all the soldiers sang, "God be with you till we meet again."—L. Smart, R. C.

**BLACK ISLAND.**—God is still blessing us here at our outpost. Sunday we had a blessed time all day. God came



Capt. Duason, Jamestown, N.D.

the blessing of a clean heart. God crowds all day Sunday. Night meeting led by Capt. P. Wadde. God spoke to the hearts of many. We closed with three more in the Fountain, making seven souls for the week-end for which we give God all the glory.—Capt. Dale and Lieut. Phillips.

**BOTHWELL.**—A good week-end, good meetings, good collections, one soul Sunday night. Ensign Hoddinott with us. "Come again, Ensign," says Bothwell.—Capt. Thompson.

LINDSAY.—Capt. and Mrs. Hanna have just said good-bye to Lindsay, after some three months' fighting against the power of darkness. They leave behind them some real, warm-hearted friends and comrades. Lindsay, with all its faults and failures, has still some real, true-hearted, loyal people, not only in the Army, but also out of it. If we could only get all our own soldiers fired with the Holy Ghost, there's no town or city in the Dominion would have, or has, better chances of doing something for God than Lindsay. Will all who read this report pray that God will pour out His Spirit on this corps. Lord, send the fire! We're sorry we can't say something more cheering, but this is an honest report. The Book says "Confess your faults one to another."—A. Moore, S.-M.

#### Corner-Stone of Carberry Barracks Laid.

CARBERRY.—For many months the Carberry soldiers and officers have been looking forward to building a barracks of their own in which they could carry out their good work. The business men and others were seen, and they were quite liberally. Then the foundation of a solid brick barracks was laid, on a good site on the main street, and on Friday, July 20th, the corner stone was laid by T. E. Greenwood, M.P.P., of Douglas. Mrs. Major Southall was present, also Ensign E. Hayes, of Brandon, and Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, of Neepawa. A nice crowd gathered to witness the stone-laying. The first song was lined out by Ensign Hayes, and after prayer and the reading of the Scripture, there was to be an address by the chairman, and in his absence, Mrs. Southall ably filled the bill, and made some very nice and fitting remarks. She afterwards introduced Mr. Greenwood, who declared the stone well and truly laid. He finished up his address by asking for a collection, during the taking-up of which Capt. Taylor and Gilliam sang a duet. Some more addresses were given by prominent gentlemen, including the Mayor and ministers of the town and others. Then, after a solo by Mrs. Capt. Taylor, the service was closed by a short address by Mrs. Southall and the singing of the doxology.—E. H.

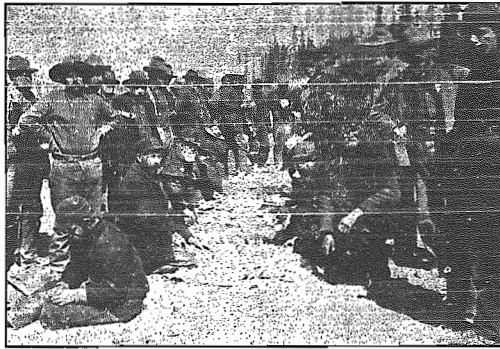
MINOT. N. D.—On arrival of our Captain, and while going to the quarters, it was shouted out, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," and there was. We have been making it hot for the devil ever since. New officers taking well. Good meetings Sunday, but no souls gladdened our hearts, yet the battle is the Lord's and victory is ahead. Ensign Perry has come and gone again. His visit was a real blessing to all. His lecture on the Holy War greatly enjoyed. Minot never will give in.—R. Parker, Sergt.

#### A Good Town for Open-Airs.

ORANGEVILLE.—To find a place where open-air is appreciated more and bigger collections are given in the same than in Orangeville, it would be difficult. On the 12th of July as the gathering together of twelve or fourteen Orange Lodges brought large crowds on the streets, the Army, with its music and drum, took advantage of the crowd and held two open-air, afternoon and night. The people simply thronged the place and liberally helped with their offering. Johnnie Haines, our new Corps-Cadet, is quite a help. He takes an important part in all the meetings. More again. Quite busy.—N. R. Trickery, Capt.



Capt. Dawson, of Montreal.



MINERS EN ROUTE TO DAWSON RECEIVING THEIR MAIL AT TAGISH POST OFFICE, IN THE PIONEER DAYS.

## Two Letters Out of Many.

Gilpees of S. A. Prison Work.

June 25th, 1900.

Staff-Captain Archibald,

Dear Sir,—Your letter of June 18th received. I am very much obliged to you for writing me, as I was feeling very anxious about E—, not having had a letter from him for two weeks. I am sure my son feels his position very keenly. His case is a very sad and isolated one. The date for my son's release is the 28th of July, as doubtless he has told you, when I hope to come to Toronto and fetch him home. If circumstances would permit I should like to come at once, but unless you consider my son's health is such that he needs me right away, I will not come until that time. I am glad that you have had some long talks with my poor son, and you have a mother's grateful thanks for any help or encouragement you can give him; he seems very despondent, but I hope when he gets home his health will improve.

July 18th, 1900.

To Staff-Captain Archibald.

Dear Brother,—I am thankful to inform you that I arrived home five minutes to twelve o'clock last night. Arrived at the station at 10:15 p.m. and walked home, a distance of six miles, in a very heavy rain, in one hour and

three-quarters, so you can fully understand I was anxious to get home. My wife and our two little boys were delighted to see me, and I was delighted to see them. I thank God for removing every stumbling-block in my pathway from Toronto to —. To-day myself and family are re-united in our own home in Christian love.

My wife received word, on Saturday last, from Secretary of State, that a pardon had been granted me.

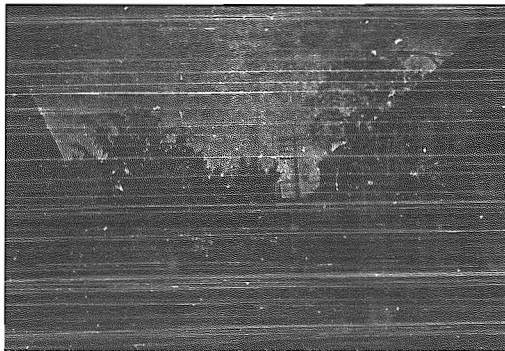
Your kind favor I will never forget. May God help and prosper you in your noble work. Carry my heart-felt sympathy to the boys. Will write you again in a few weeks.

Yours sincerely,

C. S. C.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Capt. Nesbitt has arrived to assist Capt. Fisher in the upbuilding of God's Kingdom here. Then have gone to work in earnest. Good open-air, but small crowds inside. Collections fairly good. Many under conviction, but none yielding.—J. H. F., R. C.

KINGSTON.—We are fighting the summer devil, the lukewarm devil, and the carnal devil; trying to get the people saved higher, proof against all these devils. Thank God there are a few warriors in Kingston who have kept their garments clean from the world. We are getting a few saved; one good case last Sunday night, one got restored through the week; one out for salvation last night, also a backslider.—Yours in the holy war, Chip.



MAIN STREET, BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

## BRIDGETOWN, N.S.

This is one of the prettiest little towns there is in the Annapolis Valley. It is noted as one of the best places for apples, and plums, cherries, pears, strawberries, and other different kinds of fruit are grown here successfully. Many tourists come here from the United States and other parts, to spend their summer months. The people of this town take a great pride in their homes, which are kept up beautifully. Bridgetown has some houses as magnificent as any there are in this country. A river runs into the Bay of Fundy,

and vessels take freight up and down to different points. Along the banks of this river may be seen some of the finest scenery one wishes to look upon. The Salvation Army opened fire upon this town about thirteen years ago, and have many kind-hearted friends, who gladly give their help when called upon to do so. We have some good soldiers here, who for years have stood by the dear old Flag, and are proving to-day that salvation is "the best thing in the world," while others are now fighting as officers in different parts of the field for the eternal welfare of mankind.—J. G.

## CHAMPION SELF-DENIAL COLLECTORS.



Publication Serat-Major Jennie McQueen, Moncton, N.B., Collected \$76.25 for Self-Denial.

## East Ontario Province.

Ensign Ottawa, Ottawa	\$300.00
Capt. Burch, Newport	87.90
Staff-Capt. Burditt, Peterboro	80.34
Bro. D. Cusick, Quebec	60.00
Capt. McNaney, Sherbrooke	55.00
Adj. Ogdin, Cornwall	45.32
Leut. Thompson, Cornwall	45.32
Capt. Crogo, Cobourg	45.00
Leut. Hicks, Newport	44.50
Capt. E. Jones, Burlington	43.67
Ensign Sims, Barre	41.50
Capt. Green, Port Hope	41.00
Mrs. I. E. Barber, Burlington	36.00
Capt. Young, Sherbrooke	35.25
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	35.00
Leut. McEwan, Ottawa	33.00
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	30.15
Capt. Ruth Crogo, Kempton	27.15
Leut. Brooks, Kempton	27.15
Adj. Kendall, Kingston	26.02
Leut. Liddell, Campbellford	26.00
Capt. Mumford, Trenton	25.00
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Tweed	23.02
Capt. Gammaidge, Sanbury	22.25
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	21.55
Leut. May Lang, Nanapan	20.00
Leut. Hickman, Pembroke	19.43
Capt. E. W. Owen, Graftonville	19.00
Capt. Tytus, Arnprior	18.15
Leut. Ludlow, Barre	18.00
Bro. Morse, Newport	17.10
Leut. L. Newall, Burlington	16.70
Adj. Magee, Ottawa	16.65
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	16.00
Capt. Stainforth, Nanapan	16.00
Mrs. Stacey, Ottawa	16.00
Capt. Ash, Odessa	15.93
Capt. Wilson, Ottawa	15.25
Leut. Langford, Arnprior	15.00
J. S. M. Russell, Millbrook	15.00
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre	14.00
Mr. W. S. Syllar, Sherbrooke	13.50
Ensign Yerex, Brockville	13.42
Sister Heaman, Peterboro	13.00
Sister M. Werry, Peterboro	12.30
Leut. Liddell, Port Hope	11.00
Sergt. Mrs. Dine, Kingston	11.00
Leut. Northcott, Peterboro	10.53
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	10.35
Bro. C. Garrett, Tweed	10.25
Bro. J. Parkinson, Kempton	10.15
Ensign Jones, Tweed	10.10
Mrs. Lee, Kingston	10.00
Band-Sergt. Christmas, Kingston	10.00
Bro. Snooks, Kingston	10.00
Bro. Guthrie, Arnprior	10.00
Mrs. S. Taylor, Montreal H.	10.00
Leut. Tilley, Brockville	10.00

## Bereavement.

There once was a sheep that wandered far  
Away from the one true Guide,  
Attended not by His gentle calls  
From morn till eventide,  
But strayed heedless the pastures green,  
With her little lamb at her side.

Then the tender Shepherd lifted the lamb  
And bore it away to His fold.  
The mother heeded His loving voice,  
And turned from the mountains cold.  
To follow the lamb in the Shepherd's arms  
Right up to the gates of gold.

—Katherine A. Clarke.

# PROSTRATION: NERVOUS AND SPIRITUAL.

By COMMANDANT HERBERT H. BOOTH.

(Commandant Herbert H. Booth has just come through a lengthy and severe illness, and wrote these notes with the memory of his recent sufferings fresh upon him.—Ed.)

## Nervous Prostration.

Have you ever suffered it? If so, you will know the sensations are not easily described. It is a general stonage for WANT OF STEAM! It is the more perplexing because, apparently, so unreasonable. There is nothing much to see—no open wounds; no broken limbs; no well-defined disease, with throbbing pulse and racking fever; no rheumatic pain attributable by medical plaster or swollen joint possible of rubbing down with olive oil!

Nervous prostration is none of these. It is an undefinable "finish up." You must stop! Something goes wrong with the "machinery" you simply have to suspend operations.

V V V

## The Ship Does Not "Go."

Sometimes at sea, on an ocean liner, in the night, the throng of the machines suddenly stops; a strange stillness creeps over the ship; nothing but the whirl and splash of the water in the wake of the vessel reaches the broadcast on the waves roll under, playing "battledore" with the ponderous hull. It is the more aggravating because it seems so outrageous. We are excellently equipped. There is navigation on the ship; engineering on the ship; every necessary science on the ship; and yet, the ship does not GO!

V V V

## When the Nerves are Run Down.

So it is in the human organism when the nerve centres are exhausted. You have sound and substantial—you get up and use them—they sink beneath you like naphtha. You look strong enough upon the higher stories of your anatomy—you will sit up and assert yourself—something seizes you at the base of the spine, and you lie back lest you should come in two! You have eyes—nothing at all is the matter with your sight; you will read a little; but the alphabet disarranges itself so that the words spell themselves backwards, and the pages go round like a windmill. Surely your ears are unaffected! You can at least listen—a little music will kill the monotony—so the piano plays, the violin strains a few melodious phrases. The notes creep along the backbone, you feel the vibration in your toes; the melody dissolves and dilutes in the brain, and, to your astonishment, oozes in tear-drops from your eyes. It is the music coming through in solution.

V V V

## Nerve Cords, Not Weight.

In the clutches of this di-use you alternate between hope and despair. One day life is a ladder, and you are climbing. It is distinctly bright up above, and you are correspondingly hopeful. The next day life is a cage descending the foot of the ladder, and you are sliding down into physical depths of doleful darkness. On the whole, this malady has nothing to recommend it, yet there are lessons it teaches. The victim comes to understand the terrible subduces of life itself. He is not a mere lump of bones and flesh, muscles and glands. He understands what makes him most a man and most a success is his WEIGHT, but his nerve—his spirit. The giant with the spirit of a snail would be a gigantic snail, and therefore a gigantic nuisance. It is not the number of inches round the girth that tells—it is the nerve power! It is a "going concern" the flow is a long way ahead of the footings. That is because the flow has more spirit. Take care, therefore, how you trifle with the nerves. If they desert—you are done!

V V V

## Spiritual Collapse.

And is there not a prostration of the soul also? A general collapse of power when there is even an elaborate up-keep of form and semblance. He who and I not known profound of great breadth of mind, high sound of protestation, unblemished appearance of behaviour, who, nevertheless, were absolutely without power Divine? Of thought power,

word power, moral power, and will power, they could in no sense be said to be lacking. But GOD-POWER, power SUPERNATURAL—soul-keeping and soul-attacking power, how sorrowfully deficient they were! Oh, my brother! my sister! Far be it from me to under-estimate any sort of power pressed into the service of Christ. He wants all forces of Time and Eternity. He has a right to them. But I entreat you not to be so fatally mistaken as to suppose mere breadth of mind, or depth of sagacity, or soundness of doctrine, a profusion of works, can inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. You may stand replete in all such qualities, but if you have not a baptized spirit, if your elaborate temple of human creation is not the temple where dwells the Holy Ghost, you are as yet UNSEALED unto the Day of Redemption! You are a painted vessel flying all the insignia of religion, possessing all its machinery, but without its propulsive power! You are dying with the tide!

V V V

## Some of Its Symptoms.

Do you suffer from this spiritual prostration? Here, for your guidance, are a few symptoms of the disease: There is often much outward show of religion; prayer repeating, without any particular realization of God's presence; Bible reading, with little of the vivid perception that God Himself is communicating with you in writing. There is much about you that would lead others to expect great things. You have many fine qualities in fact. You put yourself down as distinctly profound—but somehow, when you stand up to give your thoughts expression, they fall flat, or they soar too high, and nobody seems impressed. You are a great workman; you have powers of speech, and have gone so far as to string together words and phrases, some of which you know by heart. When you come to deliver these words you feel, somehow, like a boy repeating a recitation, as if giving out something well on the brain, but 100 miles from the heart. It comes out! Words! Words! Words!!! You put on pressure to emphasize, and it turns into Shout! Shout!!! Shout!!!

V V V

## Evaporated Religion.

You are, in fact, in the Valley of BONES! There is an excellent bone! Elaborate bones! But, behold, they are very dry! You think, no doubt, you are an excellent saint, but you are equally sure you are an awfully dry one! You feel as if you were living on DRIED RELIGION! Your religiousness is a preserved one—bottled up one, two, three, four years ago, and labeled accordingly! You are trying to live on this bottled stuff yourself, and feed others on it as well! Both you and they are inclined to think the diet a wee bit musty!

V V V

## To Heaven by Horse-Power.

You avow the doctrine of holiness—you preach holiness—you even profess holiness; and yet, imposing as you are, in appearance of power—sailing along like an ironclad, you know when certain torments are laid against you, you wait for their deliverance like a helpless mass of powerless machinery, and your elaborate appearance of goodness is quickly exploded—to yourself if not to others. You have the Bible in your hand, and the word of your tongue; and the Captain, or the Brigadier, or the Commandant, or the General, in your eye. You have your reputation to maintain and your duty to perform, and you have a great deal to do! do! do!

But somehow you feel as if you were trying to get to heaven by horse-power. You have no inspiration! No impelling force! No fire sent down from heaven! There is no thrill, no joy, no experience! You have a magnificent building, but there is no light in the windows! You have all the body, but there is no vibration of the nerve! You have all the electric plant, but there is no flush of current along the wire.

V V V

## The Needed Cylinder.

It is a constant misery to you that you do not get along better. Apparent-

ly you are a going concern. You have all the equipment—a first-class keener, or, excellent cranks and any number of cylinders. You have a cylinder full of regulations! A cylinder full of texts! A cylinder full of resolutions! A cylinder full of high-pressure will-power! And yet, notwithstanding all these cylinders, you do not seem to go!

My comrade! You want a cylinder charged with the Holy Ghost! You want the power in the machine for which it is designed! The Divine Spirit! The Moving Spirit from on High! Seek this with humble heart and prostrate soul! Seek it with back bared to the burden God would have you carry, and when it comes you will see how smoothly all the machinery of your life will work.

Blessed Jesus! Save us! SAVE US from the worship of the unknown the unfelt—the UNREALISABLE God!

## "The Lord Our Righteousness."

Jeremiah xxxiii. 16.

"What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"—I, Cor. iv. 7.

My sins are mine.

My grace is Thine.

My joy—it flows from Thee—Thy melting love to me.

My shame is mine.

My peace—O happy thought!—Thy part on Calvary wrought.

My guilt is mine.

My pureness Thine.

My faith—all praise to Thee—Thy previous gift to me.

My fears are mine.

My comforts Thine.

My strength—though small it be—Jesus! I draw from Thee.

My doubts are mine.

My hope is Thine.

My love—a spark Divine—Like all my good, is Thine.

—W. Howells.

# GONE HOME.

## Another Cornwall Soldier Promoted to Glory.

Two insale of five months death has claimed a soldier of Cornwall.

After eleven weeks' illness, and over 30 years' Christian warfare, Mr. Harrington was called to her reward, aged 56. About a week before her death, she underwent a sudden change for the worse took place, and small hope was entertained for her recovery. She gave no sign of recognition to two of her children, who had been hastily summoned home from a distance. On Monday evening, July 16th, while all the family and our officers were assembled in the sick chamber, she passed on from this to spend eternity with her Saviour. When she lay down just a few days before, while visiting her, Adj. Ogilvie asked her if she found Jesus all she expected. She opened her eyes and replied "Yes." It was the last word that she spoke. On the 18th, Staff-Captain Taylor, Moulton, conducted the funeral service, assisted by Adj. Ogilvie and Lieut. Thompson. Nearly all of the soldiers were present, and marched from the barracks to her late residence. A large crowd had assembled. A service of about half-an-hour's duration was held. Several comrades testified to the godly life of our comrade and of blessings received from her testimony. Headed by the colors, officers and soldiers, with muffled drum, led the funeral procession to Woodlawn Cemetery. On the highest part, within a few feet of our other comrades that are lying there, our sister was laid to rest. In the services at the house and graveside, Staff-Captain Taylor put forth the claims of God, spoke of the claims of the 11th verse of the 10th Psalm. God's presence was with

us during the service, and all must have felt that in youth, and in health, was the time to seek and serve God. The following Sunday evening the memorial service was held. Nearly 600 soldiers the barracks was filled. As the comrades testified to God's power to save and to keep, and of the devoted life of our late comrade, sinners and backsliders could not but see and feel the danger of rejecting God's offers of mercy. Although no one yielded, we feel that results of this meeting will be seen in time to come. A husband and ten children are left to mourn the loss of a good and kind mother. While this is the first time that the family circle has been broken, it is good to know that Jesus was her Saviour. God grant that such remembrance may experience this also. Bro. and Sister Carrington came to the country from England, eighteen years ago. About eight years of that time have been spent in Cornwall, most of which they have been soldiers of our corps.—C. E. Krombough, J. S. M.M.

## A Faithful Warrior Gone Home.

I arrived in Stratford on the morning of Thursday, July 10th, and met Ensign Scott, who informed me one of our oldest and most faithful soldiers had been promoted to glory, and requested me to take the funeral service. Having some hours' wait before taking train for Brentford, our new appointment, I consented to do so.

The son of the deceased comrade, Ensign Heater and myself to the home of Florence (deceased) Thompson, some eight miles in the county of Avon, in the township of Downie. It was indeed a lovely spot, and yet amidst the flowing rivers and waving grain, there hangs a deep sorrow upon the home and family of Mrs. Thompson. She and the family, while deeply mourning the loss of a kind father, full of hope, knowing especially in his case, it was a glorious release. Our comrade was an invalid for nearly eight years. He had been with us since his Christian fortitude and silently the death messenger came. In his dying moments he sang out,

"Oh, take me as I am!"

My only plea, Christ died for me,

Oh take me as I am!"

Some of the words were not audible, but he strongly sang out, "Oh, take me as I am!"

The immense crowd of friends and neighbors spoke in volumes of the high esteem in which our departed comrade was held. After an impressive service held at the homestead, the long procession of rigs moved to the Avon Bay Cemetery, where the Rev. Mr. Graham conducted the service. Our comrade had been in the service at the grave. Our esteemed friend, Mr. Graham, was detained from getting in time for the service at the home.

In conversation with a life-long neighbor, he said, "I have lived together for about 50 years, and never had any unpleasant occurrence pass between us." He added that our comrade was good, morally, but when he got this wonderful change of heart spiritual things came over his constant theme. Our friend concluded by saying he was a true nationalist. This was a glorious testimony of the life and devotion of one of our most tried and faithful soldiers. The family has our deepest sympathy in this dark hour of sorrow.

"By-and-by! We say it softly, Thinking of a tender life, Stirring always in our bosoms Where no many longings grope."

By-and-by! Oh, love shall greet us In a time that is to come; And the fears that now defeat us, Then shall all be stricken dumb.

By-and-by! The mournful sorrow Clouding o'er our sky to-day, Shall be gone in glad to-morrow, Shall be banished quite away.

By-and-by! We say it gently, Looking on our silent dead, But we do not think of earth-life, But of heaven's sweet life instead.

By-and-by! Oh, say it softly, Thinking not of earth and care, But the by-and-by over there, Waiting for us over there.

—Adj. McGilvray.

Can you hear that another should get the credit for what you have done?



(From Our Special Correspondent.)

#### Good-Bye, Dowell.

The appointment of Adj. McClean, as the successor of Adj. Dowell, over affairs at the Citadel, St. Johns West, marks another epoch in the Salvation Army work in this city. During Adj. Dowell's term of service in this city, he kept up his reputation as a hustler, and made a splendid record in real progress and advancement in the work for which he appears to be eminently fitted. The new Citadel will be a lasting monument to his memory. His numerous friends, who stood by him so faithfully during his campaign, and crowded his farewell meetings, were sorry for his departure. The general verdict is: "Dowell has his peculiarities, but he is a real, downright hustler."

#### Welcome, McLean.

Adj. and Mrs. McLean are splendid officers—full of faith and energy, full of courage and resolution, and full of bright promise and hope for the future. It is not too much to say that Adj. and Mrs. McLean are possessors of those rare gifts of mind and spirit which are the "sine qua non" of real, permanent success in Army work. They are both very modest officers, but through their ability and excellent qualities shine more brilliantly than they would through any other medium. Their first meetings here have been eminently successful. The Adjutant conducted a very successful charge on the enemy's ranks Sunday last, capturing about a dozen prisoners for the day. Their open-air meetings are centres of great attraction. Large crowds assemble, some from purely spiritual motives, others being attracted by the Adjutant's skilful manipulation of the concert, or by the more delicate tones of Mrs. McLean's alto-harp. I say, God bless the new officers and encourage them with abundant success in their "work of faith and labor of love."

#### An Interview with Brigadier.

Your correspondent has just been favored with an interview with the ever-vigilant and active Brigadier Sharp, of which the following is a summary:

Correspondent: Good morning, Brigadier Sharp.

Brigadier: Good morning.

Cor.: I have come to ask if you will give me some information regarding the work and progress of the S. A. during the past year.

Brig.: Yes, sir; what is it you want to know?

Cor.: Have your expectations for the past year been fully realized?

Brig.: Yes, more than realized. We have far exceeded our forecast in real progressive Army work for the past year.

Cor.: How many corps have you—additional for the year, and the total number now?

Brig.: For the past year we have organized eight additional corps, making now a total of fifty-two. We have 100 officers, and 112 officers. Besides these we have Junior corps aggregating a membership of 500, and a Band of Love with a membership of 800, and 218 companies, with an attendance of 1,370.

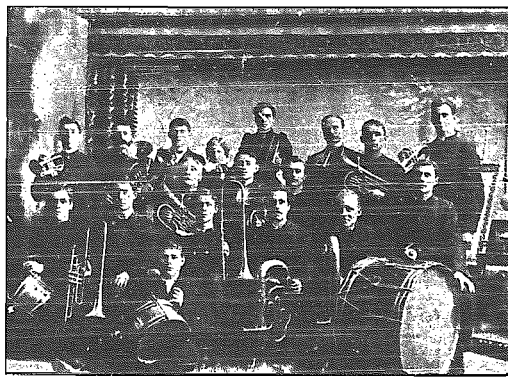
Cor.: What is the present outlook of the Salvation Army as a religious organization in this country.

Brig.: Bright, exceedingly bright. We are continually covering new ground, and by the help of God we are going forward to win new territory, and do better work for Him than we have ever done in the past.

Cor.: What about your Resene work?

Brig.: In this department we have made considerable advance during the past year. The Resene Home has been well looked after by Adj. Towell. The Home has been enlarged and provided with increased accommodation, at a cost of about \$500, subscribed by our generous patrons in this city. We have had 47 cases to deal with during the past two years, and under the blessing of God we have got through with our caring successfully. Many poor, wayward girls have been rescued from the paths of sin and shame.

Cor.: What about your Pood and Shelter Depot?



BRASS BAND OF ST. JOHNS I., NFLD.

Brig.: That, too, is running successfully. It is hardly possible to estimate the great public advantage of having such an institution as our Pood and Shelter in this city. For the past year it has paid all expenses, leaving a small balance to its credit.

Cor.: What about your educational interests?

Brig.: We have ten schools in the Island, with an aggregate attendance of 432 children. We have in St. Johns one school with an attendance of 208.

Cor.: How are your schools progressing at the present time?

Brig.: Very well indeed; in the elementary branches and physical drill they simply excel.

Cor.: What about your Training Garrison?

Brig.: They are doing good work. We have sent out, for the year, 21 officers, and have now 14 under training.

Cor.: Have you any misgivings now as to the success of your work in the future, in this colony?

Brig.: None whatever. The Lord is on our side, and we bound to conquer.

Your correspondent left the Brigadier feeling his other flushed with courage, breathing defiance to the enemy, and with Salvation Army zeal flashing and scintillating in his smiling countenance. The Brigadier started on a reconnaissance tour on the Northern train on Tuesday evening.—R. P.

## HARD PRESSED.

By ENSIGN C. A. PERRY.

We were hard pressed, not in a sense that some use the term, but in a sense especially known to ourselves.

There are times when people are hard pressed against the walls of adversity. Life's struggles have been so keen that every attempt to rise has only met with depressing failure, and they have had to exclaim, "What is Life but trial and disappointment?" Hard pressed? Yes; until the spirit has chafed, the heart grown sad, and the body weary. Life seems to be one repetition of deeds ending in failure, attempts to succeed that proved to be only attempts, and aspirations that fail in fulfillment.

We were not hard pressed in that sense. No; the expression had to us a different meaning. Yes, we would be hard pressed against the walls of adversity. Life's struggles have been so keen that every attempt to rise has only met with depressing failure, and they have had to exclaim, "What is Life but trial and disappointment?" Hard pressed? Yes; until the spirit has chafed, the heart grown sad, and the body weary. Life seems to be one repetition of deeds ending in failure, attempts to succeed that proved to be only attempts, and aspirations that fail in fulfillment.

We have supposedly come to life for a season, nominated a spokesman, and will speak in the plural number, and whose words will be noted down by our master, for the benefit of War Cry readers.

Now, you must not be kept in suspense any longer as to who or what we are. Straight off we will reveal our identity and frankly state that we are Grace-Before-Meat Box labels, pressed together in a Local Agent's pocket-book. Our mission is an important one, as you

will learn later, and in consequence, we have always desired to be carried thus about, for several reasons. First of all, we consider ourselves as a family, much safer there, as our master always carries his pocket-book on his person. We cannot but believe that our master considers us of importance, or he would not keep us in such a safe place. Yes, he certainly must be much impressed with the import of our mission. Then, when nicely tucked in a clean chamber of his pocket-book, we are kept from getting soiled by coming in contact with unclean things. When our mission is explained you will readily see why we attach so much importance to being kept clean. This very act of preservation reflects great credit on our master, as it plainly shows his wisdom and tidiness.

Then, again, it is to our advantage to be encased in a pocket-book, as we are protected from the wind and weather. Our backs are padded over with a padding that exposure to the dampness would soften, and, therefore, in case of failure on our master's part to protect us, we would all become stuck together, and have to exclaim in full chorus, "We are hard pressed in deed and in truth." Thus you will easily see we do not court dampness.

Then, on the other hand, should a burst of wind overtake us, we should be scattered here and there, and perhaps, in consequence, never fulfil our right mission. Yea, varied are the consequences that might arise were we to be thus overpowered by the wind. It might happen that we would be blown beyond our master's reach, and some day picked up by an enemy and falsely used. At any rate, the finder would be apt to be impressed that our master was rather careless.

Though being labels we are small in stature, yet we carry no unimportant air. We have often heard our master say that small people should not depreciate their value, for importance is not measured by size or stature, but by the good one does in life. It has been drilled into us ever since we came into our master's possession that, though little, our mission was no important one, and we were not to hang down our heads. I think it is fully understood that our master is a Local G. B. M. Agent, and we consider him an ideal one. He is a separate man. In the fulfillment of his duty towards us, and in turn our duty in carrying out our mission for him, we have both proved that system is profitable in every way. Now you have been kept in suspense long enough, receive our mission or use. It is fully understood by you that we are labels, and our name is suggestive. Now, there are many species of our family, and possibly a look into the difference between us and some others might enable you to better understand us. There are labels which tell the truth, and labels which do not. In traveling we have met with some, and noted their deceptive character. We have seen others who could not but be impressed by their veracity. For instance, we have seen bottles of poison with labels on stating just what the bottles contained, warning any who may have purposes to partake of its contents of their danger.

(To be continued.)

A elgar is usually a bar-magnet.

## A Question to be Answered; A Command to be Obedied.

"What meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God."—Jonah i. 6.

### A Question to be Answered:

"What meanest thou?" Why this indifference, this unconcern about thyself; while heaven, earth, and hell are all in earnest about thee? Heaven is deeply concerned about thee. The loving Father, the Bleeding Son, the gracious Spirit, all unite in calling thee to repentance and salvation. "What meanest thou?"

Earth is deeply concerned about thee. The praying mother, the pleading teacher, the faithful preacher, all unite in calling thee to repentance and salvation. "What meanest thou?"

Hell is deeply concerned about thee. A raging devil, a corrupt nature, a deceitful world, all unite in hushing thee to sleep and to perdition. "What meanest thou?"

### A Command to be Obedied:

"Arise, call upon thy God." Wait not for feelings or convictions; act upon facts. The devil will trouble thee about thy sins until thou begin to trouble Christ about them. Up, then, repent; break off the sins of righteousness; call upon thy God. Arise, then; thou art in a shaking craft, the waves lap the very couch; but there is yet room in the lifeboat, and yet time to get there. Escape, then, for thy life!

"What mean'st thou, O sleeper? Rise, call on thy God." The thunder-clouds gather, outstretched is the rod; Swift vengeance o'ertakes thee, there's wrath overhead— Oh! flee to thy Saviour, Who died in thy stead."

—Joyful News.

## GOD'S LOVE.

There's not a tint that paints the rose,  
Or decks the lily fair,  
Or marks the humblest flower that grows,

But God has placed it there.  
There's not a grass of simple blade,  
Or leaf of lowliest mien,  
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,  
And heavenly goodness seen.

There's not a place on earth's vast round,  
In ocean's deep or air,  
Where love and beauty are not found,  
For God is everywhere.

## T. F. S. Appointments.

### ENSIGN PERRY.

Winnipeg, Thursday, Aug. 10.  
Grand Forks, Friday, Aug. 17.  
Devil's Lake, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 18.

Laramie, Mon. and Tues., Aug. 20, 21.  
Hannah, Wednesday, Aug. 22.

### ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Freeport, Thursday, Aug. 16, to Tuesday, Aug. 21.  
Yarmouth, Wed. and Thurs., Aug. 22, 23.

### ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Clinton, Friday, Aug. 17.  
Wingham, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Aug. 18, 19, 20.  
Listowel, Tues., Wed., and Thurs., Aug. 21, 22, 23.

### ENSIGN PARKER.

Montreal I., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 16, 17.  
Montreal II., Sat. and Sun., Aug. 18, 19.  
Quebec, Mon., Tues., and Wed., Aug. 20, 21, 22.

### ENSIGN BURROWS.

Hamilton II., Tuesday, Aug. 14.  
Dundas, Wednesday, Aug. 15.  
Hamilton I., Thursday, Aug. 16.  
St. Catharines, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Aug. 17, 18, 19.  
Toronto, Monday, Aug. 20.  
Yorkville, Tuesday, Aug. 21.  
Dovercourt, Wednesday, Aug. 22.